

ZION'S HERALD.

PUBLISHED BY
BOSTON WESLEYAN ASSOCIATION.
36 Bromfield Street, Boston.
A. S. WEED, Publisher.

BRADFORD K. PEIRCE, Editor.

All stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.

Price \$2.50, Payable in Advance.
Postage 20 cents per year.

Specimen Copies Free.



VOL. LIII.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1876.

No. 39.

ZION'S HERALD.

ADVERTISING RATES.	
First Insertion (Azale matter), per line, 30 cents	
Each continued insertion, " "	20 "
Three months, 13 insertions, " "	16 "
Six months, 26 " "	15 "
Twelve months, 52 " "	14 "
Business Notices, " "	25 "
Reading, " "	50 "

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ALONZO S. WEED,
Publishing Agent,
36 BROMFIELD ST., BOSTON.

ONLY A BUD.

BY EDMUND F. DOLE, ESQ.

Only a bud on the ocean shore,
A beautiful rose-bud, blooming alone.
In a nook of the gorge, where the wild billows foam—

Nothing more.

Only a web of the morn before,
Like a bridal veil, from the outer air
Keeping the white bud pure and fair—

Nothing more.

Only the sprays of the ocean shore,
In the beams of the morning that tremble
And shine
More brightly than diamond e'er flashed
From the mine—

Nothing more.

Only a bud—on the morn before
Robed in silver and jewels, now naked and brown;
And the ocean's dirge, and the sun gone
Down—

Nothing more.

Nay, 'tis a bud on eternity's shore,
Transplanted to bloom in the garden on high,
By the waters of life, in its purity,
Forevermore.

Keene, N. H.

SUNDAY CAMPS.

BY REV. E. WENTWORTH, D. D.

The vote in the Boston Preachers' Meeting on the resolution disapproving the policy of holding camp-meetings over Sunday, 40 to 8, is probably a fair expression of the sentiment of the ministry, and perhaps of the laity, of the Methodist Church in reference to this question. It is very interesting to note, and, of late, anxiously mooted question. If it were submitted to the Annual Conferences and preachers' meetings throughout the country, the vote would, without doubt, be everywhere five to one in favor of recurring to the old policy of commencing a camp-meeting on Monday, and closing it on the following Saturday. The opposite policy, "let us do evil that good may come," cannot be defended. Christ and the New Testament relaxed in theory and practice from the stern legality and the pharisaical peculiarities of the old Jewish Sabbath, so closely imitated by the Puritans; but Christ and the New Testament limited Sabbath employments to "works of necessity and mercy," and to the lawful "Sabbath day's journey," less than a mile. I have been a life-long lover of camp-meetings, and have attended, and preached at, a great many; yet, from forty-five years' observation, I am persuaded that more evil than good results from holding them over the Sabbath.

In rural districts, where every family has to harness up to drive to a distant place of worship, camp-meetings may be safely, and sometimes profitably held over Sunday; but Sunday camps are usually distinguished for great crowds, great sermons, great excitement, and little spiritual profit. Exceptionally, the revival spirit may awe and profit and arrest the attention of the thoughtless and pleasure-seeking; but, as a rule, the Sunday floods of idle comers and goers drown the meetings. Real worshippers have all they can do to hold their own in the midst of the swaying multitudes, and breathe a sigh of relief at sundown, Sunday night, when the last of the giddy throng has departed. Inside the "circle" it may seem religious and churchly, but outside, what sights and sounds to expose to the absorbing eyes and ears of youth and childhood! Pious adults may shut their eyes and ears to the impieties and iniquities that offend the conscience, disgust the taste, and sometimes surge up to the very gates of the tabernacle consecrated to worship. Teamsters, hack-drivers, peddlers, boarding-house and restaurant activities, selfish rush to the eating places, lurching, smoking, loafing, swearing, swaggering—none of this escapes the notice of Methodist youths. Inside it may look like worship, but outside, it resembles a circus gathering, or a county fair; and neither circus nor county fair ever dared to stir up the ungodly elements of a community after such fashion on Sunday!

Years ago, to preserve our camps from the disorders inevitable to Sunday gatherings, I advocated the measure since so extensively adopted, viz., to picket the grounds and ticket admissions. But this, in execution, has brought another evil—the commercial element, exacting fees at the gate of all comers, in place of the old Gospel mode of voluntary contributions. Steamers and railroads have wonderfully increased the facilities and diminished the expenses of camp-meetings, but, at the same time, have exposed them to new annoyances and new difficulties. At Eastham, Sunday steamers used to deluge the grounds with crowds of careless excursionists. Martha's Vineyard and Sing Sing, so near New York, have suffered in the same manner. Everywhere, camp-meeting managers have had to stipulate that trains should not run, or land passengers at the grounds, on Sunday. It took the brethren at Acton, near Indianapolis, years to shake off the deadly incubus

of Sunday railroad crowds that turned the camp into a picnic ground, and rendered religious services well-nigh impossible. In 1863, the Troy District had a notable and useful meeting at Petersburg, New York, and Sunday was a day, on the grounds, long to be remembered for its holy power and spiritual influence; but, at the same time, ungodly crowds held high carnival, and turned into a pandemonium of drunkenness, blasphemy and ribaldry, the little hamlet near the depot, not inappropriately called "Hell's Kitchen," two miles from the camp-ground. When the "National" meetings were held at Urbana, Ohio, the city was turned upside down, and the three miles between the city and grounds saw a solid procession of hacks and cars, while multitudes thronged the camps, who could not, or cared not, to get out to the grounds, but remained at the hotels and in the saloons to destroy Sunday for peaceful citizens, and to call for extra police force to keep them in order.

The local preacher's camp at Dayton, Ohio, is a pleasant, useful and profitable annual gathering; but it violates propriety, and, as we believe, New Testament Sunday license (cases of "necessity and mercy") by taking toll, at the gate, of every person and every team that enters the ground on Sunday. When Round Lake first opened, it was deluged with Sunday crowds. No trains were allowed to stop at the grounds, but they brought curious multitudes to stations six miles each side, and accommodating hacks bridged the difference. For a number of years, the association has closed its gates on Sunday; in other words, it has declared to the public that the camp-meeting, as such, was not in session on Sunday. No thronged meetings, no big preachers, no big sermons; the tenters simply passed a quiet Christian Sabbath, with quiet religious services, enjoyed the day, without being drained of every particle of nervous and religious force, and being tired to death with the mere surging to and fro of listless, curious, frivolous or unmanageable crowds; and so felt fresh to renew again the special services of the meeting when Monday morning came.

But, the very fact of shutting Americans out of any place raises within them an insane desire to get in, and the Round Lovers have had to defend their excluding pickets with police force, *et al armis*, and listen to threats of burnings, and "nobody to help out the fires," if they didn't let people in! The Troy Conference would hold a meeting there if the gates might be closed on Sunday, and probably the vote to that effect was about like that of the Boston Preachers' Meeting—"five to one." This year, clerical, and, it is said, even episcopal influence, was brought to bear, to open the gates "till nine o'clock Sunday morning" in favor of the surrounding country, naturally seized with an eager desire to see and hear engaged celebrities; and so, five hundred teams, passing open churches on the way there, rushed to the entrance to pay a quarter of a dollar toll-fee at the gate, and to make a procession of a mile in length as they departed at five o'clock! They behaved well, being good citizens and under vigorous police surveillance; but the three thousand Sunday comers involved the "tables of money-changers," and the seats, in the outer courts of the sanctuary, of them that looked after a thousand horses; of them that took charge of hundreds of extra articles of dress and baggage; of those, especially, who kept boarding-tents and restaurants to provide and take pay for extra dinners and lunches. Hundreds of dollars changed hands, on that day, with good religious men who are not accustomed to buying and selling on Sunday; men who freely pulled out their pocket-books to give something to the cause of God on Sunday, but also feel a twinge of conscience every time they make a payment even to a horse-car conductor, on the Lord's day. But, "the gates were only open till nine o'clock." To our individual thinking, which may not be worth much in the premises, this is only splitting the difference with the devil. What may be not absolutely wrong is not always expedient, and, at this juncture, Americans, and especially Methodists, who are foremost in every good word and work, are called on to be extra particular in the matter of Sunday observance.

To say nothing of the Puritan Sabbath, or the Bible Sabbath, our American Sabbath is being rapidly swept out of existence by infidels, Jews, foreigners, Romanists, secularists of every description. What we might do under other circumstances we may not do now. It has required the moral force of the American Church of the entire nation to stiffen the backs of the Centennial Commission at Philadelphia to prevent the Exposition from being converted into a European Sunday-show for the amusement of godless multi-

tudes. Where men are interested, they can readily find abundance of specious reasons for patronizing Sunday papers, Sunday boats, Sunday trains, Sunday camps; but the moral status of the case will remain unaltered. It is no longer a question of a Bible Sabbath, but whether we shall have a European Sabbath or an American Sabbath; really, a question between the Christian Sabbath and no Sabbath at all. Offer extra inducements to Sunday crowds (who, in these days, simply inquire where they can be best entertained), and you can no longer consistently object to Sunday military parades, Sunday show funerals, Sunday Romanist processions, with bands, and noise, and a general turnout. Money-making corporations may be swept into the current, and forced to apologize for Sabbath infringement, with flimsily concealed personal or commercial interests at stake; but a religious public, and especially preachers, the guides of moral and religious opinion, should vote every time "forty to one" against every abuse, every needless infraction, and every doubtful use of the Christian Sabbath.

CHRISTIAN POLITICS.

BY REV. JAMES FORTER, D. D.

The duty of Christians with relation to civil government, varies according to circumstances. At the first, they had little to do but to submit to the king and his officials, and pay their taxes. Their responsibilities to-day under absolute monarchies are not very different; but where the people are allowed to elect their rulers, or to participate otherwise in the government, they are responsible for public morals and policy to the full extent of their vote and influence. And ministers of the Gospel are not exceptions to this rule, though it is hardly advisable for them to participate much in politics which relate to mere questions of finance. But where politics invade the domain of morals and religion, their duty to speak out is imperative. It is on this principle that they have entered the political arena during the agitation of temperance, slavery, and other great religious questions.

Our attention has been called to this subject by turning over some old newspaper articles relating to the Massachusetts "fifteen gallon" liquor law of 1838. The American temperance society, professing total abstinence, was organized in 1826. It was a grand conception, and accomplished a wonderful revolution in the tipping habits of the community. Many only needed to see the evil which had been little appreciated before, to abandon it. Others held to their cups with more tenacity, while many drunkards and liquor dealers raved with wrath. Their resistance suggested the necessity of modifying the license system which had furnished convenient supplies to every neighborhood for more than two hundred years. The subject was presented to the Legislature by memorials and petitions, and was soon a pre-eminent element in politics in which ministers and Christians took an active part. One of the first grand results was the enactment of a law prohibiting the sale of a less quantity at one time than fifteen gallons, and that not to be drunk on the premises. This lasted awhile, and did much good. It was then superseded by other enactments subjecting the trade to more or less restraint, but still allowing it sufficiently to accommodate tipplers and drunkards, who could not be reformed by any moral or legal influence that could be brought to bear upon them. All experiments with the licensing policy having thus failed, somebody conceived the idea of absolute prohibition, as in the case of theft and murder, under pains and penalties proportionate to the crime. The project took, and temperance people of all parties conspired to carry it into effect, and it succeeded. A law was enacted consigning its violators, after the first offense, to the house of correction, to work for the public good. It was effectively maintained with excellent results until the breaking out of the Southern rebellion.

A similar course was adopted with regard to slavery, leading to the establishment of the "Liberty Party," and the overthrow of the old political alliance which had controlled for many years. In both of these contests, most ministers took an active part on the ground that they involved moral and religious questions, some on one side, and some on the other. But many were perplexed. Their party prejudices were so strong that they stood aloof for fear of helping their opponents, and ruining the country; and they were sincere. Good religious Whigs in some cases questioned the piety of their brethren who could thus jeopard the interests of their party, and press a single point, however important, which seemed utterly beyond their reach. They urged, "you will just throw away your vote; how can you be so blind?" But, we replied, "admitting all you

say, where is the harm? There is nothing at stake between the parties worthy to be preserved; at least, nothing so important as liberty or temperance. The parties are equally opposed to prohibition and abolition, and we can expect no favor from either," which was true. There were good temperance and anti-slavery men in both parties, but they were in the minority, and could effect nothing, however well-disposed. As to the other questions, banking, revenue, etc., they had largely become obsolete, leaving little, except the offices, in dispute. In this condition of affairs it seemed eminent proper to make a direct issue with both parties on these high moral principles.

But had one party been loyal to the government, and the other disloyal—one for emancipation, and the other against it; especially had one party openly rebelled and fired upon the national flag, and the other been doing all in its power to honor and defend that flag, and the Union it represents, the case would have been very different. But there was nothing of this kind. Both parties were loyal. When Calhoun of South Carolina broached his nullification scheme a little before, his Democratic brother, President Jackson, swore by "the Eternal" that he would hang him. Or had one party embraced most of the rebels, Romanists, and rowdies of the country, with principles openly and flagrantly adverse to human rights, emancipation and American institutions; and had the other been of a higher and better character, ready to defend their country to the extent of their treasure and blood—to have turned away from both, leaving the vital issues involved trembling in the balance, would have been a dangerous mistake. The writer was in both conflicts, and knows well the political condition of the parties at the time. Though Romanism was then about the same in spirit that it is now, it was comparatively weak, and had not openly attacked our Bible and public schools. Nor had it affiliated itself with one party as it has done since. God seems to have allowed those two great questions to come to the front, and to absorb all others just at that time, for the purpose of settling, at least, one of them; and it has been done, so far as the constitution and the law is concerned. When all parties shall accept the situation in feeling and practice, and manifest as much love for our God-given country as they did forty years ago (and they will attain that grace some day), then we may safely leave them to manage the government, while we apply ourselves to particular moral questions which they hesitate to incorporate into their platforms. Till then, every man should stand by the government, speaking, writing, praying and voting for that party which in his candid judgment will best defend and administer it for the individual rights and interests of its lawful inhabitants, and the glory of God.

And I will say now, as I said in the canvass for prohibition in 1852 to my own Boston congregation: "Mark the issues, and consider them well; then take them to God in prayer, and ask His blessing upon the party and policy which you religiously believe it your duty to support, and go to the polls and vote accordingly. But don't dodge by shutting your eyes to the light, refusing to vote, or casting a ticket on a side issue which, if given for the candidates of the party in which you have most confidence, might secure their election, and save the country from serious disaster."

In determining what is right and duty in the present case, it is well to think of the terrible ordeal through which we have lately passed, and the part the two principal claimants to our support acted in it. Did they stand by the government, or seek to overthrow it? During the last year or two there has been a remarkable revival of mobs. It will be instructive to consider in the interest of which party these are employed. Good men can hardly feel at home in any party which resorts to, or tolerates anything of this kind. Papists are led by shrewd priests, and generally go in a body with the party that will do most for their sectarian projects. Their hostility to our government, Bible and schools is well understood, though little has been heard from them on the subject since the commencement of the Presidential campaign. There is no mistaking their party affiliations; they are all on one side. Can we safely confide our rights and liberties to their keeping, or to any party that will pay the price of their patronage? It is certain that the Republicans or Democrats are to prevail and control the country for the coming four years. How they will act may be fairly inferred from their respective courses during the last fifteen years. Consider the difference in their principles, history, and associations, and then vote for one or the other. Under other circumstances, you might get up another issue, or not vote at all; but now that the nation's life is in jeopardy, you must meet the issue

squarely, or prove recreant to the responsibilities of an American citizen. One party is comparatively right—not absolutely; that degree of perfection is not for man—the other is comparatively wrong. God is on one side or the other,—on which it is not difficult to discover, and He will triumph. Let His people recognize His presence and follow Him to victory!

TRUTH ASKS NO QUARTER.

BY REV. F. H. NEWHALL, D. D.

A writer on "Protestant Vaticanism," in *Scribner's Magazine* for September, informs us that Jesus abrogated all those "Old Testament conceptions" "which can rightfully prove revolting to the most cultured modern mind." This is doubtless true, if there are any such Old Testament conceptions; but he farther tells us that Jesus at the same time perpetuated some ideas that are repugnant to modern thought, such as the doctrines of a personal God and of special providence. Instead of the "Biblical religion" that now prevails, he proposes as the religion of the future what he calls the "Christianity of Jesus," from which he, of course, eliminates the "repugnant" doctrines of a personal God and of special providence. We do not quote these opinions to controvert them, but simply to welcome this owl into the sunshine. If there be any such "revolting conceptions" in the Old or New Testaments, let this or any other champion, who can, gibbet them on high before the Christian and heathen world. There was never a better time than in this age of steam and lightning. And by all means let the American Church give this doughty knight a fair field. Stand back, ye giants of forty centuries, and see your "personal God" demolished! America seems to be the divinely-chosen Armageddon for the freest and fairest fight between truth and error that the world has yet seen. In other nations and ages error has whispered softly in scholastic lecture-rooms, skulked in dead languages, entrenched itself in privileged castles and orders, but here it is shouted from the house-tops in the mother tongue; it is flashed into every home on the wings of lightning! Never was there such a chance for Truth to reveal her own majestic might. Here she carries not the shield of law and sword of steel that have hampered her divine movements in every other Christian land. Stand back, courts and congresses, synods and conferences, and let the fight be fair! If the Bible cannot live in the hottest furnaces of modern science, then let it burn! Let the hand wither that would put out the free! What man with the spirit of a man would pillow his dying head upon the Bible and wake in eternal darkness to find it a cruel sham? Who would believe that "all things work together for good to them who love God," that "not a sparrow falleth without our Father," and wake at last to the awful fact that "special providence" is idiotic babble? Who but a fool would tremble with Moses before Sinai, or shout and sing with David upon Zion, when "the most modern culture" can show that the "Old Testament conceptions" are revolting? Who but an idiot would cling to the hand of Jesus as he promises to show us the Father, when modern culture can demonstrate that there is no "personal God?"

Advance, then, Modern Culture! Let us thy valor, awful knight, and let us behold thy terrible countenance! Art thou a Cerberus or a Medusa? But how blessed are we that *Scribner's* has given us a chance to shut our eyes before raising the Gorgon's veil! Lift up your heads, O ye gates! the slayer of "the Old Testament Jehovah" comes!

DOWN THE RHINE.

BY T. B. LINDSAY.

I suppose there is no river in the world whose charms have been sung so loudly and so widely as those of the Rhine. The Germans are very proud of it, and the cry, "The German Rhine," helped to win Alsace and Lorraine, or, as one ought to write now that they are won, Elsass and Lothringen. It is, indeed, a noble river. Flowing down from the glacier way down in the heart of Switzerland, it winds in and out among the hills till it broadens out in the lake of Constance; leaving this, as if tired of its long northern journey, it turns to the west, and, continually augmented by the almost numberless streams from the snow-covered mountains, plunges over the rocks at Schaffhausen, and then moves on quietly to Bâle, where it starts off once more on its long journey to the north.

From Mannheim to Holland it is a great highway of commerce, and in spring great lumber rafts from Switzerland float slowly down to Rotterdam. The most picturesque, and, consequently, best known part of the river lies between Mayence and Cologne. Here it is full of travelers from early summer till late autumn. Leaving

Mayence at nine in the morning, one reaches Cologne about four, can get to Brussels the same evening, and start for London via Ostend after a night's rest; so convenient a route is naturally much used, and the waiters on the steamers must be in great danger of forgetting how to speak German, so many are their English passengers.

Three of us left Heidelberg early one morning bound for Brussels "and beyond;" but exactly where the beyond lay we had not decided. Brussels was selected as the objective point on account of the exhibition which Belgians, undeterred by the Centennial, are holding there this year. We were determined not to let 1876 go by without seeing some sort of an exhibition, and since cruel fate and three thousand miles of salt water separated us from our own, our native land, we decided on viewing the glories displayed at Brussels. We had seen several people who didn't care to go to the Centennial, people who had seen exhibitions at London, Paris and Vienna, and who told us "an exposition is an exposition; to see one, is as good as to see a dozen." Good! thought we, we will see one. Who cares for your sour grapes, over there in Philadelphia! So we made our plans to leave Heidelberg at five in the morning, catch the nine o'clock boat at Mayence, and have a summer-day's daylight for the Rhine. Two of us reached the station at one minute before five, and the third at one minute past, which meant that we must wait until seven for the next train; and so we returned to our respective homes, drank a cup of coffee, and took a fresh start which this time was a success. The morning air was delightful. We had the *compé* all to ourselves, and we were full of the exhilaration which always attends a start anywhere; so we brushed up our college songs, and let ourselves out in a way to make things decidedly melodious. It seemed quite like the end of the term, and, by shutting our eyes, we could almost imagine ourselves on that model railroad which winds its weary way between Middle-town and Berlin. The cry of "*Darmstadt, alles aussteigen*," instead of "*Berlin, change cars*," waked us from our reveries, and we got out and waited for the train which was to take us to Mayence. On our arrival here, we deposited our small stock of baggage at the steamboat office, bought our tickets, and, having an hour and a half to spare, set out to view the town which we did from the inside of the first restaurant which we could find. The view was so satisfactory that we almost missed the boat; but didn't.

A shriek of the whistle, a splashing of paddle-wheels, and we are off! Off for Bingen, for Loreley, really going "down the Rhine." First we come to Schloss Johannisberg where the celebrated wine of that name is grown. The castle was built in 1716 on the place where a Benedictine monastery had formerly stood, and, in 1802, became the property of Wilhelm, prince of Orange. In 1805, Napoleon gave it to his marshal, Kellerman; and in 1814 it changed hands again, coming into possession of Count Metternich whose heirs still hold it.

Next comes Bingen—"fair Bingen on the Rhine." When the boat stopped, we almost expected to see "another, not a sister," but she wasn't at the steamboat landing. I hardly think Bingen deserves its fame. It is a squat little town, with a very ugly church and a general air of stupidity. I imagine it was only put in the poem on account of the sound, or the metre, or something. A rock in the river, marked with a black cross, is the memorial of a curious freak on the part of the historian Vogt, whose last wish was that after his death his heart might be buried in this rock in the Rhine.

Just as we were approaching the Mouse-tower where Bishop Hatto met his sad fate, my attention was attracted to a group of travelers—three ladies and two gentlemen—who sat on little camp-stools around a table piled high with satchels, shawls, rugs, umbrellas, canes, alpine-stocks, and all the imaginable paraphernalia of traveling. The gentlemen wore knickerbockers, hats with long white veils tied around them, and the shortest of shortcoats; the ladies were dressed with the neatness and elegance which distinguish the English-woman abroad. Murray's Guide-book, Baedeker's ditto, Bradshaw's Railway Guide, Hendschel's Telegraph, and several "Panoramas of the Rhine" occupied the spare room on the table left by the shawls, etc., mentioned above. The largest of the "Panoramas" was spread out and held in place against the dangerously strong wind by empty wine bottles, elbows, and superfluous guide-books.

"Ah!" said Englishman No. 1, "This is the Mouse-tower."
"Yes," said No. 2, "Bishop Hatto—rats—eaten up, you know;" and he yawned. He had done the Rhine before. This announcement caused an instant fluttering of the leaves of guide-books, in the midst of which one of the young

ladies proceeded to read aloud from the "Legends of the Rhine" the story which gives its name to the tower. The older lady was by no means satisfied. "Why," said she, "how absurd! Rats never eat people, do they, Edward?"
Englishman No. 2, thus appealed to, took a base advantage of the old lady's evident confidence in his veracity, and proceeded to relate that when he was in Calcutta he saw a man whose leg had been eaten off by rats while he was drunk. This bewildered his interrogator, who turned to Englishman No. 1 to see if he believed it. "Most certainly," said he; "children are often attacked by rats. In the sewers at Paris, the workmen have to fight them all the time, and shipwrecked sailors have had the same experience."

"Oh, yes," said one of the young ladies; "my German teacher told me that all these legends were founded on fact." By this time the old lady was prepared to believe that the rats ate Bishop Hatto, or Bishop Hatto the rats, whichever the legend said. Just at this point, the other young lady, who had been consulting Baedeker, and who had missed the discussion, broke out with, "Oh, it isn't true at all about the rats and things. Baedeker says that the tower was built to collect toll, and was called 'Mauthurm' because *mauth* means toll. I suppose the people changed it to Mauthurm because it is easier to say, and then made up that story afterwards."

"There! I thought so," said the old lady with a lamentable inconsequence. Passing Lorch, Bacharach, Caub and Oberwesel, all quiet little villages nestling at the foot of the vine-covered hills, we reached "The Loreley," of which Heine, among others, has sung. His little poem commencing,
"Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten,
Dass ich so traurig bin,
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten,
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn,"
is doubtless known to many of your readers. The story is that in olden times a beautiful maiden sat upon this rock, the sweetness of whose song so charmed those who heard it, that out of very love they threw themselves into the river.

Just here is the best spot in the Rhine for the salmon-fishery. The shadow of the rock keeps the water cool, and the bottom is sandy—two things which attract the fish there. The catch used to average 8,000 pounds a year, but the noise of the steamers and the railroad has frightened the fish away, so that now scarcely 1,000 pounds a year are caught.

A short distance below "The Loreley," near St. Goarshausen, is the castle of Neu Katzenelnbogen, called for short Katz (cat). It is one of the most romantic of all the Rhine castles, standing all by itself on a high hill which rises quite steeply from the comparatively level, surrounding country. Nearly opposite is another castle which the lords of the former sportively dubbed the Mouse, implying that it would soon be eaten up by their cat.

We reached Rolandseck and the Drachenfels just as the sun was setting. I can imagine nothing more beautiful. A shower had cleared the air and freshened the trees and the grass. To the left, upon a wooded slope, stood the one remaining arch of Rolandseck castle, overgrown with ivy and half hidden by the trees; on the right, the ruins of Drachenfels castle crowning the steep hill; in the distance, the "seven mountains," throwing their long shadows into the valleys; nothing to disturb the stillness but the regular motion of the steamer's wheels in the quiet water. An old legend tells that on this hill there once lived a fierce dragon to whom a young maiden was to be sacrificed; but she, at the approach of the monster, drew a crucifix from her bosom, at sight of which the dragon turned and fled, and only stopped when he had reached the bottomless pit. Convinced by this miracle, the heathen round about embraced Christianity, and worshiped the maiden as a saint.

Just below lies the university town of Bonn. From here to Cologne the banks of the river are flat and uninteresting. We reached Cologne about ten, where, after a hearty supper at the hotel, we prepared to ascend to our rooms with the comforting assurance from the host that the house was so full he would be obliged to put us pretty high up; so high up, indeed, that we need not go to the top of the cathedral tower in the morning, for we would have quite as extensive a view from our windows. He was right.

The bracing air may have something to do with it, but certainly the tone of business men is much more cheerful than was anticipated. We have reached bottom, even in coal, and once assured of the end of the falling in prices, people can begin to build up their shattered fortunes. Nearly everybody has suffered in the down-side of the last three years; many have been ruined. But we have a great deal left—abounding energy, vast stores, good health, and some faith in righteousness. If we all try to do business on honest foundations, there will soon be plenty to do at fair profits. Ballooning is out of fashion.—*Methodist*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

Being the remarks made at the funeral of Mrs. Prof. Prentice, at Mid-dle-town, Aug. 25, by Bishop Haven; reported by Wm. Anderson.

The most appropriate thing for me and for all of us on this occasion is to sit silent. "Be still and know that I am God." If we undertake to speak of her who is gone, we shall be rebuked by her; for eulogy in her own house, and in the presence of this sacred temple, which she has abandoned for a little season, is almost the same as eulogy in her audible presence, and such eulogy would not have been agreeable to her.

If we undertake to speak words of consolation, the depths into which these hearts are plunged are such as cannot be compassed by any words of human utterance, except they be the very words of God Himself; and they can and do undoubtedly hear these words of the Lord as they have just been poured into their ears, and hearts, and whole being, through the sacred utterances of the sacred Book. It seems, then, to me as though there was no province of mine in the department which has been assigned to me. We are told to "weep with those that weep," not to talk to them. As long as Job's friends maintained an attitude of silence in the presence of his great calamity, when he sat among his dead in silent desolation, they received no rebuke either from themselves, their Maker, or their brother. It was only when they opened their lips that they fell into condemnation alike from themselves, their stricken friend, and their Maker.

This providence of God, especially the latter part of it, since the terrible accident which began this death that has ended in everlasting life, seems to me to strikingly exhibit the power of one of those passages which did not happen to be in the course of the reading, but which has been running through my mind for many days, even weeks, in connection with our sister's condition—"Perfect through suffering."

For months previous, almost for a year or two, she had been subject to a very painful disease which contracted the muscles and the frame, and produced such distress as she could not express—so much so as to even cause fear on the part of her friends of its fatal termination. During those months of sickness she had some sense of what it was to endure affliction, and to ripen under those processes of suffering in all her spiritual being. We might naturally have supposed that that would have been all her Creator would have demanded of her. It seemed as though that was going to accomplish this end: that if those fires were left alone, and nothing intervened, weakness would supervene, and inevitable death come. But her Master and her Saviour desired to try her even more in the furnace, and so allowed her to fall into this terrible pit, and to live when almost any other person, and, undoubtedly, when herself under any other combination of circumstances, would have died as soon as she struck the ground, or immediately thereafter. And so to the surprise of all her friends, to the surprise of her physicians, to the surprise of her family, she has lingered on day after day, week after week, almost month after month, when it did not seem as though she could live moment after moment. Seven long weeks, within one or two days, of ceaseless and immeasurable pain! We cannot see the meaning of this. Looking at this world alone, perhaps almost every one of us here would have said that if any one in this company was to be exempt from that experience, it would have been Sister Prentice.

It is no disparagement to the living to say that she was an unusually ripe soul—an unusually felicitously constructed soul. As I was going in the cars from the place where she was lying, about a week after the event, I met Governor Claflin and told him where I had been. "A rare woman," was his remark. All her friends would accept that definition. No doubt she had many infirmities of the flesh and of the spirit, but there was in her such an equanimity of temper, such a constitutional make-up, that she was indeed and in truth a rarity among men and women. There was such self-control, such a perpetual brightness, no matter what there was beneath, such a beam on the face, whatever distress there was in the heart, such resolution in righteousness, that any one would have said, as a matter of course, that a person of such characteristics, of such a combination, would not need an experience like this. The rest of us, of a coarser nature, less harmoniously combined, might properly be put under this training process, but the crystal whose very face was already symmetrical, we would naturally say, would not need such a purifying and agonizing application.

Yet the very word which I have just used perhaps suggests the very reason for this treatment. We do not put common stones under the polishing process. We do not spend our labor and our money in finishing up a pebble that we pick up in the street, nor do we put the most labor and the most money upon ordinary stones even of a more precious type. It is not the opal, or the ruby, or any of these stones of excellence, but not of super-excellence, which exhaust the lapidary's skill, time, and means. It is the most precious stones on which the most work is expended; when we want not only every facet to be symmetrical, but to possess

a luminousness which will be perfect through the whole of its depths and all along the whole of its surface, so that it shall in every respect reveal the glory that is within, and reflect the glory that is without, that is the material which is subject to the severest strains. So, perhaps, it may be in soul-work. All of us undoubtedly have in us the divine element, and I trust we all have in us the devout, the Christian element, and God in His own time and way, I hope and trust, will make every one of us partakers of the glory of Christ. Yet I have noticed, not unfrequently, that if any person seems to stand out pre-eminently for any special combination of graces, that person is called to pass through more affliction in external circumstances, and more suffering in internal experience, than those of a grosser type. I heard our senior Bishop say only the other day, that he could not account for it that two such saintly women as his wife and Mrs. Palmer, whom he had known—the latter as well as the former—for a great many years, and knew no flaw in them, should be compelled to go through these fearful, grinding experiences of suffering. The answer, perhaps, to this may be found, as in the case before us, in those words—"Perfect through suffering."

The Saviour of us all, Himself without spot or blemish, without any possible defect in His constitution or combination of elements; who stood alone above all the creatures that He had made, who was blameless in walk and conversation, equable and serene, lofty and dignified, approachable and natural; who had a smile for a beggar, and had a response ready for the most learned objector; who had not the least imperfection, according to the judgment of His enemies—this same Person went through such experiences as no son or daughter of His has ever been or ever will be called upon to undergo. It was the Author of our salvation that was made perfect through suffering. It was the Son of Man—it was the Son of God! If this was needed in order that He might prove His fitness to all the universe for the position which He occupied as the Divine revealer of God, how much more the chosen of His creatures!

We have all lamented the dreadful hours which our sister has passed through, those agonies which are beyond not only utterance, but conception, which none of us have ever tasted, and which, may it please God, that none of us may ever taste. Still, these agonies, undergone, have resulted, in her case, in a purification and a perfection that even she could not otherwise have attained. The sweet calmness of her countenance, even in death, has a greater sweetness and a greater calmness than it could have had if she had died after the ordinary manner of men. If she had sunk on a sick couch through fever, or through any ordinary disease, caught at one moment in pain and the next freed from it forever, there would not have been in her nature that length and breadth and depth and height of knowledge concerning the possibilities to which we can be subjected, and concerning the richness and fullness of sustaining grace which she now enjoys, and shall forever enjoy.

We have often been told there is no royal road to learning. In this classic presence every one is aware that it is only by patient and constant effort that we reach the acquisition of knowledge and wisdom. Just so it is in respect to every other human attainment. We cannot obtain the knowledge of what it is possible for us to endure except by enduring. We cannot rise to the heights of experience in Christ, unless we have sunk to the depths of necessity in Christ. We cannot be comforted with the comfort wherewith Christ comforts with the Holy Ghost, to the uttermost of that comfort, unless we have felt, as none others have felt, the need of that uttermost comfort.

In this hour, therefore, we can look upon this form vanishing for a moment from our presence to reappear after a moment in greater glory and beauty, and feel that the spirit which occupied it was tested by these fiery trials, by this crushing agony for hours, and days, and weeks, and almost months, which were more than years to her sensitive soul, in order, perhaps, that she might be able thereby to be a more perfect exemplar of the grace of Christ in the glory of His kingdom—a more polished gem for the very centre of His glorious crown.

To my brother in affliction I have truly nothing to say. He has gone into the waters, but not through them. The right hand of the Lord will lead him. To these dear kindred of hers who have loved her from her childhood, her sisters and her associates, I can only say that this beautiful example which, perhaps, was revealed in the narrow limits of her early days, has shone out before a very wide circle as she has moved up by the providence of God in the ministry. Many a Church, to-day, where she has served, is weeping in memory of the blessedness of her connection with them. Up into yet higher stations have they seen her ascend where her presence has been felt as a sweetness and a light. All this realm wherein she has moved in the serenity of her star-like beauty, will never forget that star, though it has sunk out of sight, not behind the horizon, but in the depths of the light of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. May the Lord help every one of us to endure as seeing her, also, as well as Him who is the Saviour of us all, who is invisible.

We have a right and a duty to be stimulated by this example. As we have seen this gentle patience smile on

pain, this sweet spirit come up out of the abysses of oblivion, and actually of death, with the same brightness on the countenance at the last moment that was on it in the flush of health and happiness, we ourselves have a right to feel the strength of her example. We must remember it all was and is in Christ. Whatever qualities she may have had by nature, they were perfected in Christ before this final perfection came. Even the original gifts were all from Him. May the Lord help us all to walk in the light even into those who seek Christ in His light. May we be strengthened to endure with patience, to walk softly before the Lord our Maker, and to illustrate in our several spheres so much of this perfection of grace and of goodness as the Lord can make shine through us. Out of this house of death, out of this hour of sorrow, out of this darkness that is around us, may we lift our souls into the light of that heaven into which she has entered, where the inhabitants shall not say, "I am sick;" where we will not be calling upon our friends to lift us from sick couches, or to relieve us from distressing maladies; where there shall be no more sorrow, neither any more pain—no more, that is, at least, no more that, like hers, was distressing beyond description. There is none of this here. These former and dreadful things have passed away. She has escaped the whole of it—escaped forever. She stands serene above it all. She reclines under the trees of Paradise where none of these adversaries invade. The green trees that wave over her spirit are not like those that wave over us now, the bearers even in their life, of disease and death. But there, in the comforts of an everlasting release, she awaits with serenity and sweetness the coming of those she loved on earth, and loves all the more in heaven. May the Lord make us patient and faithful, that she may welcome us to the everlasting mansions of the blessed!

THE MODEL CAMP-MEETING MAN AT HOME.

BY REV. Z. A. MUDGE.

There is a general interest felt in the Church not only in the number who go to camp-meeting, and the spiritual good they receive there, but in what they bring home and keep permanently. As our Brother Model, as reported in our late article, was a good hearer, and gave assurance of a considerate use of the spiritual privileges enjoyed, we take him as a representative of all—who are like him.

He has been heard from since his return. How many of the numerous camp-meetings of the season he attended, we are not informed. Our readers, whose observation has been more extended than ours, may have full knowledge on this point. We report only the facts as they lie in our mind.

On his return, our brother sought early and frequent opportunities for retirement and introspection. So large an amount of rich instruction, and so many impressive suggestions had been imparted in so short a time, that they lay in his mind in a somewhat confused state. These moments of closet communion with himself, as connected with his recent privileges, have caused him to feel that his greatest profiting has come since the close of the meeting.

Our brother went to the grove, and maintained throughout his stay there an intense interest in the question of the highest possibilities of divine grace in his personal experience, and he consequently listened with devout and close attention to the sermons, exhortations, and testimonies of personal experience, on this subject of vital importance. He was not, of course, at the threshold of his inquiries with a great variety of modes of statement of this subject, some of them being shaded with a controversial tone. But he never once allowed his mind to be directed from the question of his highest privilege in Christ to a captious spirit regarding the verbal dress in which its presentation was clothed. We are aware we are laying a severe strain upon the credulity of our readers when we affirm this of our brother. The strain upon their faith in this affirmation comes, we suppose, from the fact that it is so much easier to our poor humanity to wrangle (if that term is too strong, euphemize it for yourself) about boldness as some do, than to live it. Whether it was set forth as "the rest of faith," "the higher life," "the fullness of God," the "abiding Comforter," "entire sanctification" or "perfect love," he saw, or charitably thought he saw, an essential unity in the minds of those using these terms. In fact, he found in this very variety of statement, instead of confusion, something to broaden his views and deepen his convictions; so easy is it for him to find spiritual enlargement who seeks it with a single aim. "The rest of faith!" he exclaimed, "in one of his moments of devout thought. 'That is what I want! Rest from doubt, from fear, from care. How I have been tossed about during my Christian life by these disturbing elements. Oh, for rest in Christ! The higher life! It will, indeed, be higher, broader, deeper, if I rest in Christ.'"

Thus our brother, heart-warmed and expanded as each term suggested some new phase of his hitherto unattained privilege. They were to him the echoes of the voices heard in the grove, now by the Spirit breaking down long-cherished barriers, and flooding his soul with joy unspeakable.

Let us look, now, for the outcome in his Christian activities of this inward uplift. Our brother is a busy man in the many domestic cares as well as in the many outside responsibilities. One of the first promptings of his greater spir-

itual light, on his return from the camp-meeting, was a studious care to subordinate all his secular business to the concern of his inward life, especially to the punctual and habitual attendance upon the social and public means of grace. Nothing has surprised him more, than the plain fact that by this careful outlay of time to the demands of Christ upon him, his worldly concerns are not only uninjured, but are improved. He is a better Sunday-school man, a better laborer in the social meetings, a better and more constant hearer of the preached Word, a more attentive Christian to the spiritual demands upon him of his family, and a more generous giver when the Master demands his money; and, at the same time, he declares his business "is looking up," attributing it to the more efficient management it receives from him.

We may now refer to his testimony in the social meetings of the divine work on his heart as a result of the camp-meeting. It is tenderly, and often tearfully, explicit. He feels that with the mouth confession is made to the glory of divine grace, and with his intense religious activities, greater sacrifices, and more liberal giving, credibility is given to that confession.

As an indirect result of our brother's ante-camp-meeting life, several of his influential brethren who have heretofore remained at home to disparage the grove assemblies, have quietly remarked that they think of attending next year; so it is confidently expected that the Church of which Brother Model is a member will flock, hereafter, to the Feast of Tabernacles.

A BOWL OF CREAM FROM STERILIZED CAMP-MEETING.

Among the one hundred and ninety-three testimonies at the love-feast, these are but a few, and but rich specimens of the whole:—

Dr. J. H. H. In 1825, about this season of the year, I found the Saviour at a camp-meeting in Connecticut. It is wonderful that God has given me so many years here, but I am not weary in trying to do well. I have almost coveted a new, young body to wear out in this service. I suppose God could keep us alive as well as Methuselah, away up to a thousand years, and perhaps this would be as easy to Omnipotence as to give us a new bit of life. I bless God we have a hope as an anchor, sure and steadfast. It holds both worlds, earth and heaven, the Church below and the Church above, with all the ministers of both. I have a desire to be conscious when I strike the chills of Jordan, that I may bear a dying testimony for my Lord.

Dr. Robbins: I gave my heart to God more than fifty-two years ago. The language of my heart has been, all the morning,—

"So near, so very near to God, I cannot nearer be;
For, in the purchase of His Son, I am as near as He.
So dear, so very dear to God, I cannot dearer be;
For with the love He loves His Son, that love He gives to me."

Rev. W. D. Bridge: Twenty years ago this Friday morning of the camp-meeting, I was sitting out there by that second tree. A noble Christian woman, whom I did not know then, and whom I have not known since, came across the aisle and spoke one sentence in my ear, which changed the whole current of my life. I came to this altar, right there [pointing], and gave my heart to God, and God has been with me every hour of my spiritual life since. Blessed be His holy name!

Rev. F. T. George: Twenty-five years ago, God for Christ's sake forgave my sins. Ten years ago I received Christ as my wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption, and He has been all that ever since to me.

A stranger: It is almost forty years since I became acquainted with God in the vestry of Father Taylor's Bethel, and this is the best morning of my life.

Rev. G. S. Chadbourn: I have learned two things in twenty-six years of Christian life: 1. The great want of my life is the grace of God. I hear many complain that they haven't gifts for certain things, but I have rarely heard one complain about grace. 2. I have learned that there is enough of grace. Old Paul says: "My God shall supply all your lack through the riches of grace," etc.

A sister: I thank God this morning that I am bound for the second Paradise.

Rev. Brother Wright: Up in New Hampshire I went into my closet, according to the Scriptures, and prayed, and in five minutes I was saved and called to preach, and it was all done up.

A brother: Just as sure as that Christ loves me, I love Him; and just as sure as Jesus is willing to save me, I am intending to be saved.

A brother: Sin is sin in the sight of God, whether it is using rum or tobacco; and I thank God I have been cleansed from the last remains of sin.

DEDICATION AT HIGHLANDVILLE. Highlandville is a thriving and beautiful village in the town of Needham. Built on high grounds, the prospect is extended and delightful. The place has been built up by the stocking manufacture, an industry introduced by immigrants from England, many of whom are Methodists.

who early came to feel that an imperative need of the society was a church. Though the times were hard, he began to cast about to secure so desirable an object. The land was first secured and paid for; and last winter they determined to erect the building, the cornerstone for which was laid on the 4th of last January, and the cap-stone in the dedication was brought up with shouts of grace, August 16, 1876.

The church is of Swiss Gothic architecture, designed by Henry F. Starbuck, and built by E. W. Webber. The length of the church is 82 feet, with octagon in rear; width 25 feet; height of steeple 108 feet. The inside is neatly and tastefully furnished, the decorative painting being by F. G. Clews, of Needham. The small and elegant pulpit of black walnut was the manufacture and gift of Charles Webber. The communion service was the gift of the pastor's wife, who is one of the few preachers' wives lucky enough to have money. The fine-toned organ was built by E. L. Holbrook, of East Medway. The church contains 68 pews, with a seating capacity of 400 on the floor, and 100 in the gallery. The whole cost about \$10,000.

The dedicatory services formed a delightful occasion. The sermon in the afternoon was by Rev. A. B. Kendig, of Monument Square Church, Boston, founded on Rev. iii. 4: "Thou hast a few names in Sardis which have not defiled their garments; and they shall walk with Me in white, for they are worthy." The thrilling and earnest words of the preacher were listened to by the large assembly with profound attention and interest. The best part of the service was the application in the shape of a subscription of \$4,500 which covers the entire indebtedness. The evening sermon was by Rev. L. B. Bates, of South Boston, on Rev. ii. 10: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

The house was beautifully decorated by floral designs tastefully arranged by George Moore from the extensive Waban conservatories of E. W. Wood, of Natick. The society is to be congratulated on the successful accomplishment of their undertaking in hard times. Thanks are due to all parties. The building committee, consisting of Alex. Lynes, W. Carter, Mark Lee, O. E. Bowen, C. G. Upham, A. T. Beechis, and John Lee, performed a noble service. Great credit is due Brother Bent, the preacher in charge, who has had his heart and hand in the inception, the progress, and the completion of the work. It will be his Centennial memorial, which, we trust, will long remain a means to bless and save the people of that beautiful village.

AN APPEAL.

Notwithstanding I am an old man, 81-1-2 years of age, I have often been solicited to write a sketch of my life and have it published. I must acknowledge I have long had thoughts in that direction, but through diffidence and a consciousness of my inability to do the subject justice, I have hitherto neglected the pleasing task; but, as I am now somewhat infirm, and cannot consistently travel so extensively as formerly, I can with more propriety confine myself at home, collect my wandering thoughts, put them together, and have them published, with a hope and a sincere prayer that my labor may not be in vain in the Lord. I would, therefore, say to my numerous friends that (at least for the present) I shall be under the necessity of declining any invitation to assist in revival meetings as I have been wont to do, during a number of years past, but after I have finished my manuscript, I shall again be ready (so far as my strength will allow) to answer favorably to any call in that direction, as the salvation of souls is still uppermost in my mind; and as long as health and strength of body and mind remain, I am resolved to do what I can to put down and destroy the works of the devil, and to build up the Redeemer's kingdom.

I would likewise solicit, from those of my intimate friends, either in the ministry or membership, any incidents in connection with my history, which they may consider of interest, and forward the same to me at Farmington (Me.), that they may refresh my memory, as I have not been careful to note everything that has transpired during my long stay upon this green earth. I do not wish to be tedious, but I may publish to the world. JOHN ALLEN. Farmington, Me., Sept. 8.

THE POWER OF TIME.

There are many traditional maxims about time which insist upon its brevity, upon the necessity of using it whilst it is here, upon the impossibility of recovering what is lost; but the practical effects of these maxims upon conduct can scarcely be said to answer to their undeniable importance. The truth is, that although they tell us to economize our time, they cannot, in the nature of things, instruct us as to the methods by which it is to be economized. Human life is so extremely various and complicated, whilst it tends every day to still greater variety and complication, that all maxims of a general nature require a far higher degree of intelligence in their application to individual cases than it ever cost originally to invent them. Any person gifted with ordinary common sense can perceive that life is short, that time flies, that we ought to make good use of the present; but it needs the union of much experience, with the most consummate wisdom, to know exactly what ought to be done, and what ought to be left undone—the latter being frequently by far the more important of the two.—Barnet.

OUR ECLECTIC.

ENCHANTMENT.

The sails we see on the ocean
Are as white as white can be;
But never one in the harbor
As white as the sails at sea.

And the clouds that crown the mountain
With purple and gold delight,
Turn to cold, gray mist and vapor
Ere ever we reach the height.

The mountains wear crowns of glory
Only when seen from afar;
And the sails lose all their whiteness
Inside of the harbor-bar.

Stately and fair is the vessel
That comes not near our beach;
Stately and grand the mountain
Whose height we never may reach.

O distance! thou dear enchantress,
Still hold in thy magic web
The glory of far-off mountains,
The gleam of the far-off sail!

A GENIUS FOR AFFECTION.

"A genius for affection." Yes; there is such a thing, and no other genius is so great. The phrase means something more than a capacity, or even a talent for loving. That is common to all human beings, more or less. A man or woman without it would be a monster, such as has probably never been on the earth. All men and women, whatever be their shortcomings in other directions, have this impulse, this faculty, in a degree. It takes shape in family ties; makes clumsy and unfortunate work of them in perhaps two cases out of three—wives tormenting husbands, husbands neglecting and humiliating wives, parents mistreating and ruining children, children disobeying and grieving parents, and brothers and sisters quarreling to the point of proverbial mention; but, under all this, in spite of all this, the love is there. A great trouble or a sudden emergency will bring it out. In any common danger, hands clasp closely and quarrels are forgotten; over a sick-bed hard ways soften into yearning tenderness; and by a grave, alas! what hot tears fall! The poor, imperfect love which had left itself so wearied and harassed by the frictions of life, or hindered and warped by a body full of diseased nerves, comes running, too late, with its effort to make up lost opportunities. It has been all the while alive, but in a sort of trance; little good has come of it, but it is something that it was there. It is the divine germ of a flower and fruit too precious to mature in the first years after grafting; in other soils, by other waters, when the healing of the nations is fulfilled, we shall see its perfection. On! what atonement will be there! What allowances we shall make for each other, then! With what love we shall love!—H. H., in *Bits of Talk*.

Our Book Table.

MESSENGER PROPHECY; its Origin, Historical Character, and Relation to New Testament Fulfillment, by Dr. Edward Rhein, Professor of Theology, Halle. Translated by Rev. John Jefferson. Small 8vo, 266 pp. Price \$2.50. Published in Edinburgh by T. & C. Clark, Scribner, Welford & Armstrong, 743 and 5, Broadway, New York, have imported a special edition for this country.

We have read this comprehensive treatise upon an important Biblical and theological theme with much satisfaction. It is eminently pertinent to the discussion of the hour, originated by the late paper of Blauevelt in *Scribner*, upon the relation of the Old to the New Testament Scriptures. The present volume is conservative in its interpretation of the Old Testament prophecies, but exhibits a thorough familiarity with modern Biblical criticism. It discusses with singular clearness the nature of revelation itself, and then enters upon an exhaustive consideration of the character of the Messianic prophecies, interprets their contents, and finally presents their ample and significant fulfillment in the records of the New Testament. The devout desire of the author in this excellent monograph is realized, that, in the adoption of the principles of grammatical-historical exegesis, and in the acceptance of every well-grounded criticism of the Old Testament writings, "the divine revelations and interpositions in the history of Israel, preparatory to the coming of Christ and His kingdom, may not be darkened, but may appear in a brighter light, because presented before our eyes in tangible historical reality."

The feature of our chief New England camp-meetings this year that will be longest remembered, is the presence and discourses of Rev. Wm. Taylor. The clearness with which he opened up the plan of salvation, and the vivid illustrations he gave, gathered in his long experience as an evangelist, awakened a natural desire to secure these discourses and personal incidents in a permanent form. This can be readily gratified. Mr. Taylor has preserved quite full records of his labors, and has published some of his most characteristic discourses. James P. Magee has four of these works, which will afford both profit and interest to the reader. CHRISTIAN ADVENTURES IN SOUTH AFRICA—a stout duodecimo of 567 pages—recounts the incidents of the recent great work of God in Cape Colony, Kaffraria and Natal, and presents illustrative incidents relating to the history, resources and habits of the people of South Africa. It is a volume full of instruction and interest. The work has excited the most present interest is the account of his remarkable mission to, and in India, and the wonderful success that has attended it. It is entitled *FOUR YEARS' CAMPAIGN IN INDIA*. It forms a duodecimo of 416 pages. In this book is vividly pictured his whole simple, but astonishingly successful plan of carrying the Gospel, without the aid of an organization behind him, into peninsular India. His work has excited great interest throughout the Christian world, and whether his example is largely followed or not, he has already made a profound impression upon missionary bodies and workers. The volume is full of interest.

Two religious treatises from his pen are also on sale. *RECONCILIATION; or How to be Saved*. 12mo, 160 pp. In this, the counsels which have proved so efficacious on the camp-grounds are fully embodied. The other work is *THE ELECTION OF GRACE*, 12mo, 247 pp., which is a more elaborate treatise upon the Gospel scheme of salvation. These volumes will be equally acceptable to the lay and clerical reader. They present such admirable illustrations, as well

as statements of spiritual modes and processes, that the humblest mind can apprehend them, and the most cultivated will be impressed by them.

One of the first things usually read in *Scribner's Monthly* is the editor's department. Dr. Holland has succeeded in attracting as much attention to his discussion of the "Topics of the Times" as to his popular serial stories. He has written about the subjects of the hour in a fresh and independent way. We have often felt compelled to disagree with him, but have always been impressed with the manliness and frankness of his discussions. Some of the best of these short papers have been gathered into a handsome volume by Scribner, Armstrong & Co., and published under the title of *EVERY DAY TOPICS*. 12mo, 39 pp. It forms a pleasant companion for occasional reading.

The same publishers have issued another volume of their Epochal Histories. The present covers the reigns of the first two Stuart, and is entitled *THE PURITAN REVOLUTION*. It is written by Samuel Rawson Gardiner, Lecturer on Modern History at King's College, London. Once more in a condensed, but interesting form, we have the always impressive story of the downfall of the English monarchy, the establishment of the Commonwealth, the Restoration and the Revolution of 1688. These are delightful summaries of history gathered around special eras, and thus greatly aiding the memory, giving our young people a special and pleasant opportunity to renew their historical studies, and refresh their recollections of the important events in modern and medieval times.

James R. Osgood & Co. have added two volumes to their beautiful illustrated edition of the works of Emerson: *LETTERS AND SOCIAL ADVICE*, containing some of his latest and most striking occasional discourses, such as *Eloquence, Progress of Culture, Inspiration and Immortality*; and *ENGLISH TRAVELS*, first published a number of years since, after a second visit to England—to us one of the most delightful of his volumes.

The same publishers issue a miniature volume of Hawthorne's fugitive papers, under the title of *FANSHAW AND OTHER PAPERS*. After the first story, the remainder are admirable biographical sketches of Mrs. Hutchinson, Sir Wm. Phipps, Sir Wm. Pepperell, Thos. Green Fessenden and Jonathan Cilley.

From the same prolific publishing house come the first volumes of the promised new books of Longfellow. Following the example of Bryant and Whittier, the Cambridge poet has collected, and is publishing, his choice gatherings from his fellow-singers. Mr. Longfellow, however, has given a special and particularly attractive character to his selections. He entitles his work as significant of his object, *POEMS OF PLACES*. The first two volumes illustrate England. From the whole range of English poetry he selects descriptive gems illustrating places and scenery in the British isle. It is a delightful idea, executed with a true poet's taste, and shows how largely outward scenery ministers to the inward inspirations of the rarest and truest of world's sweet singers. Every fair spot in England seems to have found a genial interpreter.

The New England Register for October is already out, with a long and valuable list of appropriate papers. The engraved illustration of the number is an excellent portrait of Charles W. Moore, esq., which is accompanied by a memoir. The Field family of New Jersey, and a dila historian in Osgood Field, esq., Rev. Edw. D. Neil continues his interesting Notes on American History. The Garrison Family of Massachusetts, forms the fourth article. A very timely document is the Record of the Boston Correspondence of Inspection and Safety from the 1st of July, 1876. A great variety of pictorial, chronological and archaeological miscellany fills the valuable periodical.

Prof. William G. Peck, LL. D., of Columbia College, N. Y., has prepared a *MANUAL OF GEOMETRY AND CONIC SECTIONS*. It is the fifth volume of a mathematical series. Its feature, and, indeed, of all the text-books of this course, is its severe condensation. All unnecessary and extraneous matter is omitted, and only what is esteemed essential to lead the young student forward, from the first book in Numbers to Calculus and Mechanics, is retained. So far as we have examined the book, we are pleased with it. The plan we heartily approve. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York.

A. S. Barnes & Co., New York, have issued a school edition of the admirable compendiums of history and English literature prepared by Arthur H. Mumford, M. A. The *FIRST SERIES IN GENERAL HISTORY* is a 16mo, illustrated with maps, of 385 pages—covers the whole course of recorded human life upon the earth, from the time of the Hebrew kings to the presidency of Ulysses S. Grant. Only the great eras are specified, but the little volume gives a good outline of the world's story, and prepares the way for more detailed and national histories. The *FIRST SERIES IN ENGLISH LITERATURE* is 16mo, 238 pp.—is an excellent preliminary outline of our chief writers and their contributions. Both of these volumes have full indexes, and are happily arranged for school uses. They have met the approval of leading educators, and have been introduced into our high schools and academies. *SEVEN HISTORIC AGES; or Talks About Kings, Queens and Barbarians*, is a text-book for young people, and a very entertaining one. It is a series of lively conversations several noted events in the world's history will be firmly imprinted upon the young mind. It is a capital book for home reading.

Porter & Coates, of Philadelphia, have issued a bright and rollicking book for boys, entitled *SNOWED UP; or the Sportsman's Club in the Mountains*, by Harry Castleton.

G. D. Russell & Co. publish a new school singing-book, by H. F. Danks, entitled *OUR FAVORITE*. It has a very inviting appearance outwardly; the lyrical selections are good; we cannot judge, as an expert, of the music. *CROWNS OF GLORY* is a new Sunday-school collection of songs by S. W. Straub. Published in Chicago by Jansen, McClurg & Co. *WHIP POOR-HILL* is a nice public school song-book by W. O. Perkins. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

New Music. From O. Ditson & Co.: Vocal—To Our Redeemer's Glorious Name, by G. D. Wilson; My Sweetest Songs For You, by J. A. Beatty; The Coquette, by H. F. Williams; Thoughts of the Win. Thy Heart by L. C. Eason. Instrumental—Arbiter March, by C. Wendelstein; The Independence, by the same; Pioneer March, by the same; Versailles Polka, by Georges Lamathe; St. Cloud Galop, by the same.

From the same publishers: Vocal—Thy Name, by Harrison Millard; Surf, by J. Walsh; Sweet Rest Beyond the Stars, by H. M. Russell; When Shall I Win Thy Love, by H. M. Russell; Instrumental—Good Bye, Sweetheart, galop, by J. S. Knight; The Dramatic Lancers, by Samuel H. Speck.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

Ex-Confederate General D. H. Hill is superintendent of a Mission Sunday-school in North Carolina.

The various Protestant free or "Dis-senting" Churches in England have 2,552,000 pupils in their Sunday-schools.

The Baptists of the State of California have made a clear gain of 650 members during the past ecclesiastical year, and the total Church membership is 4,834, organized into 101 Churches.

Cardinal Antonelli, the Pope's Secretary of State, through whom he communicates with the different governments of Europe, and next to the Pope the most influential personage in the Catholic Church, is supposed to be near his death.

Rev. Dr. Robert Halley, one of the oldest and most distinguished of the English Congregational ministers, died in London last month, aged eighty years.

The Eskimos living far back of the Moravian stations on the Labrador Coast are now to be reached by an Episcopal missionary, belonging to Bishop Horden's Diocese of Moosonee.

The late Oliver G. Healey of South Abington bequeathed to the American Missionary Association of New York \$20,000; and, after paying \$500 each to a nephew and niece, the remainder of the property will go to the American Bible Society of New York.

There are three Baptist Associations in the Indian Territory, over 80 Churches, with between five thousand and six thousand members, and nearly 50 Sunday-schools connected with them.

The Episcopalians in New York City are going to build a cathedral to cost two million dollars. A site has been fixed upon, and the funds are being raised.

Twenty-six persons, all but six by profession, were received into the Congregational Church in West Roxford, Mass., on Sabbath, the 3d inst. The average age of four of these persons was eighty-four years.

The largest Presbyterian Church on the Pacific coast is Calvary, in San Francisco, Cal. Its membership is 718. The next largest churches are two in Oregon, composed of converted Indians, viz: Spekan, with 429 communicants, and Kamia, with 470.

A Chinese Christian missionary named Ah For, who has been working with great success among the Chinese in Nevada, has been compelled to discontinue his work, because the persecution to which his countrymen are subjected at the hands of the ruffianly white class render them indisposed to accept Christian instruction.

A couple of English missionaries, Messrs. McFarlane and Lawes, began the first real Protestant mission work in New Guinea about two years ago. They have been assisted by sixteen South Sea Island teachers, and report eight stations occupied.

The Hon. James Falschaw, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, has just received a baronetcy from Her Majesty, the Queen of England. The recipient was the first Englishman who ever occupied the chief executive chair of Edinburgh, and is the first Methodist ever honored with a baronetcy by an English sovereign.

The books of the American Missionary Board are finally closed this year, showing a debt of \$31,050, the total receipts having been \$458,511, against \$468,620 for the year previous. The debt last year was \$44,323.

Rev. William Hooper, D. D. LL. D., an eminent Baptist divine, died at Chapel Hill, N. C., recently, aged over eighty years. He was a grandson of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, had filled professorships in the universities of North and South Carolina, and the president's chair of Wake Forest College and the Baptist Female College at Murfreesboro.

Rev. E. Venorden, recently a missionary of the Presbyterian Board, and who has been recalled, it is said, in part because he reported the complicity of the Mail Steamship Line in transporting slaves in Brazil, determined to continue in the Master's work in Rio Janeiro. He designs establishing a school for girls.

One of the Toronto churches has introduced a contrivance to convey sound to the members of the congregation who are afflicted with deafness. It consists of an attachment to the pulpit, which is not observed by the congregation, and by a series of pipes, conveys it to the pews of those who require its use. To these pipes a patent hearing tube is attached, which may be used with the utmost convenience.

Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, born in 1813, who has been engaged for many years in superintending the translation of portions of the English version of the Scriptures into various dialects spoken in England and Scotland, has lately visited Bridgewater and its neighborhood for the purpose of collecting information with reference to the dialects of East and West Somersetshire.

The story goes that Rev. Dr. Palfrey, formerly a professor in the Unitarian Divinity School at Cambridge, Mass., when asked why he gave up his post in the theological school, said that he hardly knew, but the results were not very satisfactory; that when he left there were nine students, whom he classified as follows: three Mystics, three Skeptics, and three Dyspeptics.

On the average, the London Religious Tract Society sends out a million copies of publications every week, not

including the issues of foreign auxiliaries. Between four and five hundred separate publications are published during the year, and the catalogue now contains a list of works in one hundred and twenty languages and dialects. The society has always been ably officered, and by the recent appointment of Rev. Dr. Manning as secretary-in-chief, and Dr. Green as editor, two distinguished Baptist ministers, its management is likely even to improve.

NOTES FROM MAINE.

Rev. E. M. Grant, of West Waterville, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Universalist Church in Portsmouth, N. H.

One year and a half ago a little Church of nine members was formed in Fairfield. It now, through the activity of the devoted nine, and the blessing of God, numbers forty. It is in this way that heaven prospers the faithful.

Rev. Brother Smith, pastor of the Methodist Church in West Waterville, baptized six persons Sunday, September 10, five by immersion and one by sprinkling.

Rev. Mr. Clifford, aided by Mr. Berry of the Lynn praying band, is holding a series of religious meetings, at East Poland with good success.

Hebron Academy opened Monday, September 4, with 105 scholars. Others are expected to come in during the early part of the term. A high school opened at Harrison village, September 11, with Mr. Orville Collins, A. B., as principal. Mr. Collins graduated at Bates College at the last commencement.

An unknown friend of Colby University offers to give that institution the sum of \$5,000 to constitute a fund, the income of which shall be used for the department of natural science in the way he may designate. This donation is on condition that the expenditures for the gymnasium and improvements in dormitories shall be made up by January 1, 1877, and on condition that the donor's name shall not be made known.

The thirty-third session of the Oxford association of Universalists will be held at Mechanic Falls, Wednesday and Thursday, September 30 and 31. Sermon by Rev. L. H. Tabor, of Norway. At the M. E. Church, Mechanic Falls, Brother W. B. Bartlett, pastor, two persons were baptized Sunday, September 10, and two received to full membership. Brother B. is having a very pleasant and successful year.

The Seventh Day Adventist camp-meeting at Richmond closed September 5. The meeting has been one of much interest to that denomination. During the meeting, which held eight or ten days, R. S. Webber was formally ordained to the work of the ministry, after which the reverend gentleman baptized eight converts. Six new Churches have been added to the Conference this year, and the society feel very hopeful for the future.

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Mr. Swinburne is to publish in the autumn another volume of poems and ballads, consisting chiefly of reprints of pieces which have already appeared in the periodicals.

The French papers report the finding, at Osolario, near Cremona, of 5,000 or 6,000 Roman consular medals, of silver, in perfect preservation and of fine execution. Nearly 3,000 of these relics are said to be of rare types.

Italy possesses, now, seventeen universities kept up at the expense of the State, four free universities maintained by the respective municipalities, and one academic institute maintained at the cost of the provinces.

The oldest newspaper in the world is the *Pekin Gazette*, which is over 1,000 years old. It is a ten-page paper, with a yellow cover; has no stories, no advertisements, no marriage or death notices, no editorials, no subscribers. It simply contains the official notices of the government.

The total amount of money voted by the English Parliament for education, art and science, was \$2,353,810 in 1852, and \$16,390,195 in 1876. This generous appropriation is the wisest way of avoiding threatening social dangers; and, when the lower classes take advantage of their privileges as much as possible, the evils of popular disturbances will be much lessened.

The Spanish authorities, desirous of introducing into their country the Kindergarten system, are proposing to construct in Madrid a handsome and capacious edifice wherein the method of Froebel may be fairly and fully tried. The estimates for the same amount to about 200,000 francs.

Prof. H. P. Rolfe, of Turnbridge, has been appointed Superintendent of Schools at Helena, Montana, with a salary of \$2,000. Prof. Rolfe is a graduate of the Vermont Normal School, and of Dartmouth College, and for the last two years has been senior instructor in the Ohio Institution for the Blind.

Mr. Thomas Hughes writes the *Academy* memoir of Harriet Martineau. He states that to the *Daily News* alone in her later years she had contributed no less than 1,642 articles. Between 1827 and 1869 more than 100 volumes appeared from Miss Martineau's pen, besides which she was a constant contributor to quarterlies, monthly magazines, and newspapers, and carried on a correspondence which would of itself have been sufficient to use up the energy of most women.

A Cairo journal says that the Khedive has sent to the State Library 2,649 volumes of manuscripts gathered from the private library of his deceased brother, Mustafá-Fadi Pasha, which constitute a precious collection of literary works well known to the orientalist of Europe, although up to the present time only a few privileged ones have been able to consult them.

A large and very important work on "The History of the Christian Creeds" is in preparation by Dr. Schaaf. It will appear in three volumes, two of which are now completed, and the third is rapidly finishing. The work will present in full all the principal creeds of the various denominations of the Christian Church, together with an historical account of their origin.

Y. M. C. A. CONFERENCE AT PLYMOUTH.

The State executive committee of Massachusetts, desiring an opportunity of conferring together as well as with other brethren of the New England States, in relation to their peculiar work, called a conference of the different ones interested therein at Plymouth, Sept. 12th, 13th and 14th, holding their day sessions in the Baptist Church, and public services in the large Congregational Church each evening.

The day sessions of the conference were of that informal, conversational character, which made them peculiarly interesting and profitable to all who desired to become more efficient in the Master's service, and more proficient in the skillful use of His Word. Brethren were present from all the New England States, except Rhode Island. The questions discussed were of a practical nature, in relation to Associations, their objects, sphere, relation to evangelistic work, etc.

Some one brother would open the topic under discussion in a five or ten minutes' easy, natural talk, and be followed by others in a similar manner, or by asking the first speaker or any one else questions. In this way, a perfectly free interchange of thought was secured, and each member of the conference was enabled to carry away with him the combined thought, wisdom and experience of all, on any subject involved in our work.

As to the public services in the evening of each day, they were very fully attended, and resulted in much good. Several arose for prayers at each meeting. At the closing meeting, Thursday evening, some twelve or fifteen arose, several at the close, giving good evidence of conversion.

We might relate many interesting facts and incidents connected with our visit, and the never-to-be-forgotten "old Plymouth and its Rock," but will defer them till a future time.

W. F. M. SOCIETY, WILLIMANTIC.

The annual meeting of the Willimantic camp-meeting Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was held in Stafford Springs tent on Wednesday, Aug. 30th, at 6 P. M., Mrs. Rev. J. H. James presiding.

Miss Sisson, of New London, addressed the meeting with reference to the missionary work in India, relating

some incidents connected with her sister's labors there.

The following officers were appointed for the year, viz: president, Mrs. Rev. J. H. James, of Burnside, Conn.; vice-presidents, the ministers' wives on Norwich District; recording secretary, Miss M. C. Sheffield, East Hampton; treasurer, Mrs. Rev. G. E. Fuller, of Colchester; corresponding secretary, Miss M. M. Loomis, of North Manchester. Last year there were 42 members of the auxiliary society. This year 62 names have already been secured as members.

One word to the vice-presidents—the ministers' wives. Of the fifty preachers stationed on Norwich District, we have at present, the names of only ten or twelve of their wives, as members of this auxiliary society. Perhaps, dear sisters, you are members of some auxiliary of the W. F. M. Society. We will hope you are; but if you are not, please send your name and \$1.00 to our treasurer, or secretary, that it may be forwarded as soon as possible to the treasurer of the New England Branch. Please perform as faithfully as possible the duties of your office this year, that the heart of our president may be cheered in this blessed work, and the benedictions of the Master may rest upon your souls.

One word more: Of the hundreds of ladies who are members of the M. E. Church on Norwich District, only about sixty are members of this auxiliary. How many are members of some auxiliary society? The blessed Master has given us on Norwich District the privilege, with others, of being co-laborers with Him, in the glorious work of raising the women in China and India from their heathenism and misery to happiness, salvation and heaven. If we cannot go as missionaries, we can give. We can deny self in order to give, and we can pray for those who do go. Thousands, no doubt, will praise God through a whole eternity, because some of His children gave of their money, and others gave their lives, to carry the light of the glorious Gospel of the blessed God to the women of China and India.

M. M. LOOMIS, Cor. Sec'y.

TEMPERANCE.

DOCTORS—DISEASES AND THE DRINK.

The "Temperance Centennial Volume," which is soon to be given to the public by the National Temperance Publication Society, will contain, beside a large number of interesting and valuable articles, an essay by Dr. Chas. Jewett, on The Medical Uses of Alcohol. We are pleased to learn that it will be published, also, by its author, in pamphlet form, at a price which will place it within the reach of every one who may desire information on that important matter. The doctor is no great friend of alcohol, and our readers well know, but in this case, as in most others treated by him, he will give the reader, we will venture to predict, pretty strong reasons for the faith that is in him.

The following extract from the forthcoming work will give our readers a taste of its quality:—

"How it came to pass that the use of alcoholic liquor ever came to be regarded as a necessary part of the treatment of hemorrhage with men possessing any considerable knowledge of physiology is indeed a marvel. Blood vessels have been injured in the lungs, stomach, or other internal organs. The flow of blood is frightful, and the very life of the patient seems pouring forth with the purple current. What shall be done to arrest it? You cannot reach and tie the bleeding vessels as the physician of the past did, for the bleeding heart may be more easily seen to the brain a generous proportion of the scanty supply of blood remaining. Profound rest, as far as the condition of the patient will allow, is now indispensable, as motion will increase the action of the heart and consequently the flow of blood. If the bleeding be from the stomach, we can reach the ruptured or lax and open vessels with an astringent solution which will aid in their contraction. But just here some one suggests the use of stimulants, as the pulse is feeble and the patient weak and faint. Shall we now give wine or brandy? By no means, as you value the life of the patient. Their first effect will be to quicken the action of the heart, and send the blood more rapidly and forcibly to and through the bleeding vessels. If, during the faintness of the patient, the feeble action of the heart, clots had fortunately begun to form in the bleeding and perhaps partially contracted vessels, those clots may be forced out by the increasing impetus of the blood-current which your stimulants will cause, and the hemorrhage return as frightfully as before. The safety of the patient absolutely requires that the feeble action of the heart shall continue to be feeble for many hours, though an oppressive sense of weakness and faintness shall attend it. Any considerable reaction, caused by muscular motion, mental excitement, or any other cause, may not only renew the bleeding after it has been happily checked, and render the case a fatal one. Sufficient time must elapse for the clots, formed in the bleeding vessels during the stage of weakness and faintness, to become firm in the partially contracted vessels; and until they become in a measure organized, and the healing process has commenced, will the slightest excitement of the patient be safe. If the subsequent treatment of such a case it may be obvious to every person of common sense that what the patient needs is an increase of healthy blood to take the place of that which has been lost, and not that the scant supply on hand shall be driven into a gallop by stimulants. Wine and brandy cannot be wrought into blood by the best possible digestive and assimilating powers; milk, beef-tea, and oatmeal pudding may."

ZION'S HERALD

The balance of the year.

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A. S. WEED, Publisher,
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ZION'S HERALD

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1876.

The last sickness of Bishop James was attended with the most excruciating physical suffering, so that he could hold but little conversation with the affectionate circle that gathered around his dying bed. "I can't pray now," he said, "I have done my praying. I am too sick. It is all right!" When the consoling words of the twenty-third Psalm were read in his presence, especially the fourth verse, "though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me"—"beautiful!" said the dying saint already within the shadows of the vale. When Dr. Chapman asked him if he had any word to send to the brethren, "I am not disappointed!" was his simple but sublime and characteristic response.

When Bishop James left, the house of Dr. Dashiell on the morning of his severe attack of sickness, to take the cars, all the family, the old colored servant not excepted, followed him to the door, drawn by the tender love he never failed to awaken in the hearts of intimate friends, to enjoy a last word of adieu. After he had crossed the street, hurried somewhat by the nearness of the hour for the cars to leave, he recollected that he had not said a parting word to the youngest child. Rather against the remonstrance of the family, lest he would be obliged to hurry to the train, he came back, and laid his hand gently upon the little head and pronounced a tender prayer of benediction. When our Lord left Galilee for the last time, on the way to His painful death, He took up the little children in His arms and blessed them. How like this act was that of our suffering but loving Bishop!

An unintended but imprudent act of a minister placed Bishop James in a very uncomfortable and untrue position before the public, in a newspaper note. The Bishop in a private letter intimated his grief and surprise, and said he might have to make such a correction as would injure the brother. The offending minister made a full explanation in response, expressed his personal sorrow, and begged the Bishop to defend himself whatever might be the consequence to him, for he deserved the suffering for his imprudence, even if no wrong were intended. The next m-d brought one of the tenderest letters possible from the Bishop, expressing his entire satisfaction with the explanation. "I shall not hurt you," he said, "you need have no fear of me." Not a word did he ever write in his own defense, and not a particle of wrath in his regard for the thoughtless brother was abated. The next time they met, his hand was promptly proffered, and grasped the brother's with as fraternal a pressure as ever.

Bishop Simpson said, in his funeral address, that Bishop James was accustomed to keep upon a tablet the names of all the Presiding Elders he appointed, and of all special cases among the pastors demanding sympathy, and to open it before him in his secret prayers, passing over in his mind their positions and peculiar necessities. In this way, said Bishop Simpson, his private devotions were remarkably protracted. In their early Conferences, they had been often together, sharing the same room, and Bishop Simpson had been particularly struck with this constant habit of his colleague. This accounts for that peculiar personal interest he took in the ministers. Who ever failed to find a ready sympathy from Bishop James whenever his confidence was sought, or an immediate recognition wherever he might meet him? One of our young ministers in this vicinity received a characteristically kind and inspiring letter from him but a short time before he died.

In an address to young ministers in this city, some time since, Bishop James earnestly advised them to task their memories in order to strengthen them. He said that he often kept daily appointments for six months in advance in his mind, without writing one down upon a memorandum; and he never failed to meet an engagement. Memory, like any other faculty, responds to training.

When one of the missionary secretaries in rather a desponding way pointed out to Bishop James the discouragements of the hour, the failure of some of the large Conferences to meet their assessments, the great depression in the business world, and the accumulating debt of the Society, after expressing his grief and sympathy with the secretary, the Bishop broke forth: "But the

Church of Christ must do Christ's work upon the earth! This is his last word to the brethren.

INFLUENCE OF BOOKS.

How few have any adequate comprehension of the powerful and permanent influence upon our sentiments and character of the books we read. We readily apprehend the effect of intercourse with our fellow-men. There are some that always draw out our worst qualities. We never spend an hour with them without carrying away a sense of self disgust and a loss of moral power. They weaken our confidence in ourselves, and destroy also the delicate bond that unites us with a higher power. By constant association with such persons we gradually lose our keen moral sensibility, and sink down to the same level of our companions.

Books are even more powerful in their influence, although they operate upon us in a more subtle manner. We yield ourselves more thoroughly to them, until their sentiments become a part of our own character. We have been specially impressed with this truth by the reading of one of the most powerful fictions of the hour. We have little time and less taste for such literature, and perhaps received from it a stronger impression than would be produced upon a novel-hardened mind. Still, our quickened apprehension only too significantly suggested the effect that must be wrought upon sensitive young minds by such a work. A book that must fasten the reader's eyes for days to exhaust its pages, that awakens the strongest emotions of his nature, that pictures the most terrible social vices, and holds him to the consideration of them as modified and conformed by the customs of certain circles in society, cannot but exercise a serious influence upon his moral character.

Our best writers of fictions, like our artists, have a moral purpose in view. They determine upon the development and exposure of some social wrong, and then invent the story to set it forth. The tale must embody a broad section of real but somewhat exaggerated social life, with one or two quite perfect characters, a score of average men and women, usually of a low moral standard, and one or two of the worst villains that prowl like demons about our communities. These characters, especially the worst, in the very prosecution of their vicious acts, are presented in the most dramatic manner before the reader's gaze. Think of such books, powerfully written in the most fascinating style, coming from the pens of writers eminent in the literary world—volumes received with universal approbation, made the subject of wide and flattering criticism, constantly referred to and talked about in polite society, coming with all this prestige into the hands of young people in the most impressive period of their lives! Can any one doubt what and how powerful the influence must be?

The work to which we have referred is absorbing in its character. It is a study simply as a work of art. It combines marvelous qualities in its execution—acquaintance with character in almost every variety of its development, of wonderful insight into the deepest recesses of the human heart, of the rarest discrimination of motives, of extraordinary knowledge of the usually concealed habits and vices of men and women, with a clear, ethical judgment, and a lively and sharp apprehension of the *nemesis* that follows wrong doing. It is, withal, a fascinating story, rendered dramatic by strange and unexpected, although not improbable, events. Its end is so veiled that the curiosity is piqued and ungratified at finding its prophecies unfulfilled, and then disappointed at the last; so that an intense interest is excited from the first to the final page.

In these volumes social offenses, that are so uncommon in our average Christian social life that our young people would rarely hear of them, and never as an endurable fact with the actors still moving freely about as accepted members of society, but only as an occurrence followed by a public arrest and a sentence to State prison, are pictured as among the events to be expected in the lives of certain young men of wealth, and chiefly terrible on account of the quite certain uncomfortable temporal retribution that follows. A young woman of great personal beauty, and naturally of noble powers and sentiments, but a slave to her vanity, pride and selfishness, redeems herself, through the discipline of a union with a social monster, without a Christian suggestion or a prayer, and becomes, in her early widowhood, a calm and sweet sufferer ready to devote her life for the good of others. A clergyman is pictured, and he is the only representative of Christianity (a young and ardent Jewess exhibits far the most Christian temper of any of the *personnel* of the story), who never introduces a religious topic in conversation, whose whole interest for his family is purely of a worldly character, and whose choice for a suitable life companion for his niece is not in the least disturbed by his well-known moral delinquencies, and his spendthrift habits.

Now, such a work as this, having such a prestige, and such intrinsic power, comes into the hands of our young people, who have not become so well acquainted with these social customs as to be slightly affected by them. It holds them for a week or more, or for a year, as it passes through the numbers of a periodical circulating by the hundred thousand copies. What

must be the influence of it. Who can measure it? How overwhelming the thought of the responsibility of one to whom God has given such extraordinary endowments, and who has secured the eyes and the sensitive hearts of such a myriad audience! The most eloquent preacher in the land has only a congregation of thousands; but this writer has millions hanging upon her words!

What serious questions are involved in this very difficult problem! Who can solve them? It is better certainly to preserve young minds from an early contact with even the best and purest of this literature. It is utterly unwholesome for them in its least objectionable form. Indulgence creates, as in the use of liquid stimulants, an uncontrollable appetite. With the taste once thoroughly established, all other forms of literature become insipid; the intellectual fibre is softened; the moral character is weakened; and the probabilities of a very noble and useful life are seriously periled.

Prevention is a thousand-fold easier and better than efforts to cure an established vice. By the creation of a taste for substantial literature through special effort to supply young people with entertaining reading—which at the same time conveys instruction—the ground may become so preoccupied that time will not willingly be yielded to a literature that simply stimulates the emotions or gratifies the sensuous appetites. It is a source of gratitude that at this hour, when fiction presents such powerful solicitations, history, science, travel and poetry are invested with equal attractions, and offer powerful antagonistic claims upon the attention and enjoyment of young readers.

Let parents and Christian teachers weigh well this thought of the mental, moral and spiritual influence of modern fiction upon the characters of our young people.

"THE MIKADO'S EMPIRE."

Japan is the New England of the East. Amid the immobility and stagnancy of that part of the world, this great island empire of the Pacific is alive with activity and enterprise of every kind. Like our New England, this Yankedom of the Orient is a land of ideas, of curiosity, of courage, and of improvement. The people are not afraid of new things. While China and India cling to old ideas, religions, modes of agriculture, travel and living, Japan, on the other hand, seeks out the latest improvements. After ages of separation and seclusion, the people fly to the ends of the earth to find the freshest type of civilization and the most recent knowledge.

How such a people could remain so long secluded, becomes a still deeper mystery to us as we come to know them better. Their withdrawal from communion with the commonwealth of the world was not the result of over-weening confidence in themselves; it was rather a prudent shrinking from dangers threatening to be too powerful for them to cope with. They feared the great empires near them, especially China, and were alarmed at the inroads made by the Jesuits. The groundswell of this approaching revolution drove them in terror within their walls. Once outside again, their old proclivities display themselves on a broader scale.

The story of such a people, so full of animation, so recently awakened to an interest in the outside world, is not without a charm for us. It reminds one of Russia, with this difference: Russia arose under Peter the Great from a rude condition, while Japan comes forth in the full blaze of an Oriental civilization, dating back beyond the Christian era. Russia presents, before Peter, only the dead level of barbarism; Japan opens to our gaze and study an extended history of the past, as well as awakens high hopes for the future.

As an aid in understanding this remarkable country, the book of Mr. Griffis is the best yet issued in our language. Unlike most of the writers on Japan, he enjoyed the advantages of a long residence in the country, and of intimate relations with those in authority. As a professor in the imperial university of Tokyo, he had a rare chance to learn about the people at home, as well as the literature of the land; and the results of these researches are comprised in his book.

In the first part we have a compact and clear history of the people, from B. C. 660 to A. D. 1874; while in the second part is contained a record of the author's observations, experiences and studies in Japan. Written in a fresh and lively style, the book affords evidence of careful research and of many new facts. Indeed, until now, the history of Japan has never been distinctly before us. What was seen before in a haze, is in this volume brought out in definite historic outline. The indistinct and visionary characters, long concealed behind those chop-stick names, march forth on his pages into daylight, and become to us real and historic men—the Washingtons, Alfreds and Napoleons of the far East and of the distant past.

In its natural conformation, the empire of Japan bears a certain resemblance to that of Great Britain. As an island empire, it sustains the relation to the continental countries of Eastern Asia that England does to the rest of Europe, with this difference, that the English empire is diffused over the globe, while that of Japan is a compact group of 3,850 islands, large and small, the island of Nippon, or, as the author

calls it, Dai Nippon, being the largest. The entire group contains 150,000 square miles, equal to the New England States, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. The population is equal to that of the whole United States, or from thirty-five to forty millions.

In its history, also, this great empire affords parallels to that of Great Britain. It was settled by mixed tribes from the main land; it engaged in long conflicts with the continental peoples; it assumed the form of feudalism, and in our own day has cast off what England rejected long ago. But while these struggles inspired England with courage to push out into all seas, and to plant colonies in the ends of the earth, they induced Japan, like a snail, to coil up within her own confines. In both, however, is displayed that rare spirit of intelligence and enterprise indispensable to constitute a great nation.

Physically, Japan is of volcanic formation. The islands are lava dots thrown up by the heaving volcanoes still at work under that shallow sea-bed. Glancing back over the geologic past, we see them shoot in fiery points above the sea, harden to solid rock, and in due time, by the action of the elements, become clothed with vegetation. The entire group forms an immense natural out-work—a distant sea-wall to protect the continent against the waves of the Pacific.

As above intimated, authentic Japanese history extends back some six or seven centuries before Christ. At that remote period, we find the islands peopled with Ainos or aborigines, whether autochthons or immigrants is not yet fully ascertained. The geographical position of the islands, as well as the language, the traditions and physiognomy of the people, indicate a continental origin. These conjectures are confirmed by the religion of the aborigines, which is pure Shinto, or worship of ancestors, like that of China. The flow of different streams of population from Siberia, Corea and China, no doubt created, as in England, a conflict of races; but, in the course of ages, the mass became fused into the one Japanese people.

The attempted conquest of Corea by Jingu, the Japanese Joan of Arc, in A. D. 203, is a parallel of England's conquest of France. The fame of Jingu, who played the part of the Black Prince, filled that part of the world for ages. But Jingu found it as hard to hold her conquests on the continent as did Henry III. The people were driven back upon the islands, where they were destined to work out their problem of civilization.

The military spirit, inspired by these wars, introduced a species of feudalism into the islands. The old story of European history is repeated. The great barons surrounded themselves with military retainers, by which they held the people in terror, and imposed a severe check on the imperial power. Yoritomo was an Eastern mayor of the palace, who found the Mikado too weak to quell the disturbances introduced by race struggles and the new teachers of Buddhism; and he treated him as a puppet in did. Chilperic III—as a cypher. Peifu canceled the cypher; he brushed away the shadow; but Yoritomo allowed it to remain in the seclusion of the palace, while he assumed all real power.

He was the military governor, that is, the real governor of Japan. While Mikados linger as shadows, his family make a long line of military rulers. This was the dour and double government of Japan. In the mean time the barons had become weak, and a new Louis the Eleventh steps forth to suppress the last Asiatic Charles the Bold. The Mikado comes again to the front, and a new order of civilization begins in the empire of Japan.

Japan has an interesting religious history of which Griffis gives a good sketch. A late writer states that Japan is inaccessible to new religious ideas. But this is contrary to the past history of the empire. Shinto, the original faith of the people, was almost completely superseded by Buddhism. Again, in the 16th century, the Jesuits came near capturing the islands, and would have done so if they had been content with less violent and political methods. Under the labors of Xavier, thousands became believers in the Catholic faith, and multitudes evinced their sincerity by martyrdom.

That the Japanese entertain a set purpose to become Christians is probably not true; that would be too much to hope. No heathen people start with such an end in view; but, at the same time, while in pursuit of some material good, they are attracted to the Gospel. The same will be the case with Japan. A people so alive to the advantages of Western civilization, will hardly fail to discover that it has its root in the Gospel; and the Cross, which has attracted so many other peoples, will not fail to exert its saving influence on a people so enterprising and so awake to the advantages of civilization in its best forms.

The traveler says: "We understand that Mr. Frank B. Sanborn has resigned his position as chairman of the Board of State Charities, as his term as a member of the board will soon expire. He has most efficiently performed the duties of that responsible position, and has vigilantly made enquiries respecting alleged abuses and fearlessly exposed them wherever found. The efficiency of the board has been due in no small measure to his services, experience and influence, and it is much to be desired that he should be retained in the board by re-appointment. The State would suffer a great loss if an experienced man, or one not thoroughly in sympathy with the reforms he has instituted, or incapable of carrying them out, should receive the compliment of an appointment to succeed him."

THE DEATH OF BISHOP JAMES.

The Methodist preachers of Boston were assembled on last Monday afternoon when the telegram of Dr. Chapman announced the death of Bishop James. The reading of it produced a profound impression. Three brethren—Drs. D. Sherman, W. R. Clark, and the editor of this paper—were appointed to attend the funeral services, as an expression of respect and of the sincere affection in which the deceased Bishop was regarded by the New England preachers.

The New England Conference of 1844 was the first at which he presided after the General Conference of the preceding May, at which time he was elected to the episcopal chair. One of the above delegates to his funeral was ordained by him at that Conference, which met at Westfield, and from that day to this has regarded him not only with profound respect but with almost filial love.

The funeral services were very impressive and affecting. The day was a beautiful one, the storm having entirely abated, leaving a cool and pure atmosphere free from the intolerable dust of the past months. A very large body of ministers, some from a distance, were gathered together on the sad occasion. They formed in front of the late residence of the Bishop on 24th Street, followed the bearers with their solemn charge, borne, as in former times, upon the shoulders, and filled the body of St. Paul's. An immense audience crowded the side pews, galleries and aisles. The church was appropriately decorated. The flowers were not profuse, but were singularly significant in the symbols in which they were wrought.

At the residence a peculiarly tender, earnest and helpful prayer was offered by Dr. A. S. Hunt. In the church, after an appropriate piece of music by the choir, Dr. Crawford, Presiding Elder of the district, read appropriate Scriptures, and was followed by the venerable Dr. William Adams, now at the head of the Union Theological Seminary, who read lessons of consolation for the bereaved from the same inspired volume. The address of Dr. J. A. M. Chapman, pastor of the Church and of the Bishop's family, was remarkably chaste, discriminating, tender and eloquent. He analyzed with great clearness the mental and moral characteristics of the Bishop. He evidently interpreted the sentiments of his brethren, in the high place which he accorded to him among the chief ministers of the Church. For incisiveness and breadth of intellect, for the rare balance of his faculties, for legal precision and logical clearness, for remarkable wisdom and prudence, for unquenchable zeal, for irresistible persistence, for womanly tenderness, for unreserved consecration, for unparalleled labors, even when suffering great physical pain, for singleness of purpose and holiness of heart and life, he thought our Church had never been blessed with a superior. The Doctor happily remarked, that our Lord in the circle of His Apostles had distributed various pastoral gifts, but had seemed to combine them all in St. Paul; so upon Bishop James he had conferred the earnestness of Peter, the clear and calm judgment of James, and the loving holiness of John. He thought he approached more nearly the character and experience of St. Paul than any minister he knew. The closing references to the family life of the Bishop, the death of his wife, and his final sufferings and divine supports, were touching in the extreme.

Dr. Dashiell, in a short address, referred especially to the social and domestic traits of Bishop James, and to his important, long-continued and invaluable counsels in the Missionary Board of the Church. The Bishop had been a constant visitor in his family, was there just before his last fatal attack of disease. His coming was welcomed by every member from the head to the youngest child, and by the servants of the house. He never departed without leaving a heavenly benediction behind him. In the great missionary work of the Church his loss could not be easily estimated. He was the unflinching resource in every hour, encyclopedic in his knowledge of the details of the work and of the men, and marvelous in his resources of counsel and wisdom. Who will supply his place?

Dr. Dashiell read a letter written within a few days before his last sickness (probably his last) by Bishop James to Dr. J. S. Porter. It refers to his own deep religious experiences, his divine consolation in the death of his wife, and his certain hope of immortality. It was a noble and beautiful closing testimony, given calmly, in an hour of relief from pain and in the enjoyment of his full powers.

The short address of Bishop Scott was especially affecting. He looked feeble and weary, and as if greatly moved by this impressive providence. His voice trembled, as did his whole frame, indeed; but he spoke clearly, with great precision and appropriateness. His closing sentences were sublime. "Our Elijah," he said, with great emotion, "has ascended. Who will, or who can, take up his fallen mantle?"

Our older Bishops, as well as the younger, were all engaged at their Conferences, in distant States. By great exertion, to the peculiar comfort of the family and friends, Bishop Simpson was able to be present. He looked much worn, but in his few remarks he rose to the demands of the hour, and happily interpreted the solemn and tender significance of the occasion. He was said, he said, for the afflicted children who had just buried also a loving mother, and said in his own behalf, for he had met with a great bereavement. He pictured, with much pathos, his long acquaintance and growing affection for the de-

parted. He was sad for the Christian Church and for his denomination, for a prince and a great man had fallen in Israel. There was never an hour when such a man was more needed than the present. The loss to every Christian interest could not be at once estimated or appreciated. The last time Bishop Simpson met his colleague he was sitting beside the casket of his deceased wife, and looking forward in unclouded expectation to a reunion in the world beyond. He spoke then freely and positively to him of his confidence in the Gospel and of its divine supports. The Bishop thought the great characteristic of Bishop James was his amazing power of will. He had hardly a peer, as the Bishop thought, in this respect. It was indomitable and persistent. In nothing was it seen more than in the constant control, under all circumstances in which he kept himself; in all hours of anxiety, of opposition, when great physical endurance was required, and in periods of exquisite physical suffering, he preserved the same marvelous equanimity. One of the best sermons he ever heard him preach, was when he was enduring, without the slightest allusion to it, a severe and protracted chill.

Bishop Simpson, who has been one of his most intimate companions for years, never knew a person who spent more time in private devotion, or whose daily piety was more constant, deep or pure.

Alluding to his sublime dying words, he remarked, pointing upward, "he is not disappointed now!" and he pictured, as only the Bishop can, the meeting with the loved ones gone before, and the heavenly scenes, in which his largest expectations had been already fully realized.

Dr. C. D. Foss offered, in close, a devout and subduing prayer, gathering up the thoughts and consolations of the hour.

Our readers have, most of them, probably seen the biographical sketches which have been published in the secular papers throughout the land. Bishop James was in his 70th year when he died; but he has done more, and accomplished more, than many who have filled up a larger space in a century. He was of New England birth. His parents lived at the time in Sh-field, Mass.; but the larger part of his early life was spent in Salisbury, Conn. Having made good use of the common school, as he did of every succeeding opportunity to acquire wholesome learning, he taught from his 17th to his 23d year, studying at the same time the law, into the practice of which he proposed to enter. But an unmistakable call directed his steps into the ministry, and he joined the Philadelphia Conference in 1830. He entered, while in his early ministry, upon an extended course of theological study, and laid the foundation for that exact and ready enunciation of biblical doctrines, as interpreted in our Arminian system, which was so marked a characteristic in his preaching. For further mental improvement and usefulness, he also attended medical lectures and took a degree.

In 1840, he became financial secretary of the American Bible Society, and this noble institution never had a more efficient agent. The Bishop never lost his interest in its success. Many of our ministers can remember with us with what melting pathos he would, while holding the office, present its claims for sympathy and support.

He became Bishop in 1844, and his record is printed in every official document of the Church, impressed upon all her interests, moral, educational and evangelical, and written upon the hearts of all her ministers and membership.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.
The National Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches has been holding its seventh biennial session here in Saratoga, commencing on Tuesday, Sept. 12, and closing on the Friday following. I have availed myself of the opportunity to attend his meetings, and some brief notes of the session may not be devoid of interest to the readers of the HERALD.

This Conference is neither a legislative nor an executive body. In fact, legislation can hardly be said to exist in the Unitarian denomination, its Churches are so independent, while executive functions are discharged by the American Unitarian Association, which has control of such interests as may be said to be of a general denominational character. At the National Conference important themes are discussed, and such resolutions and recommendations as it may pass, doubtless, have great influence over local conferences and churches, but it can frame no law and has no treasury.

The personnel of the body was very fine, the delegates, nearly four hundred in number, representing some twenty States and the Dominion of Canada. Many of the delegates were ladies, and, though they made no speeches, they scrupulously attended the privilege of voting. In addition to the regular delegates there came so many friends and visitors that the United States Hotel was filled to repletion, while a few found quarters at private boarding-houses. Some of the older and more historic churches of the denomination were at this session represented in the Conference for the first time. Many well-known and able men were present, prominent among them being Dr. Bellows, Morrison, Clark, Ellis, Hale, Elliott of St. Louis, Calhoun of Syracuse, Brooke Herbert of Chicago, and J. W. F. Ware. Robert Collyer was absent. I missed also my excellent and honored friend, Gov. Padelwood, of Providence. The Hon. E. R. Hoar was elected president of the Conference, but in his absence the chair was filled admirably by D. L. Shorey, of Chicago. The Rev. George Batchelor, of Salem, was re-elected secretary.

The opening sermon was preached by Edward Everett Hale. There was less Gospel in it than there is in that most Christian story of his entitled "In His Name," though there were many passages devout in spirit as well as felicitous in expression. A very valuable, eloquent and suggestive

paper on The Church the Centre of Churches was presented by the Rev. Rufus Ellis, D. D., of Boston. His analysis was acute, his description of the benevolent work of his own Church exceedingly instructive and encouraging, and his recommendations of great importance. It was a cluster of gems. I would be glad to see some of them shine in the columns of ZION'S HERALD. Of great value, also, was the paper of James Freeman Clarke on The Experiment of a Free Church, its Difficulties and Advantages. A very brilliant essay was that of the Rev. John H. Chadwick, of Brooklyn, on The Essential Piety of Modern Science. It was clear in its distinctions between morality and piety, and between modern scientific hypotheses and real science, or demonstrated truth. In other respects, also, there was much to admire in this paper. But it contained half a dozen sentences which had better have been left out, and the exaggerated antithesis in them especially sounded well nigh blasphemous to one to whom the name of Jesus is "above every name that is named."

A much neglected and very suggestive theme was very freshly and pleasantly treated by the Rev. Francis Tiffany, in an essay entitled The Life of To-day the Interpreter of the Life of the Past. The labor question was well discussed by the Rev. Calvin Stebbins and W. B. Weedon, of Providence. The thoughts of Mr. Weedon were especially terse and forcible.

Among the most important work of the Conference was the raising of some \$22,000, toward a fund for the procuring of a larger and better church in Washington. It is expected that by the denomination at large this sum will be increased to \$30,000. The Presbyterian Church of which the Rev. Dr. Mitchell is pastor, situated in the best part of the city, can be secured for \$60,000, as the society desires to build a new and larger edifice. Of the additional \$30,000 requisite to purchase this property, \$20,000, can be obtained by the sale of the present Unitarian edifice, and the local church will raise the rest. The Conference pledged the continuance of the aid of the denomination to the African Methodist Episcopal Church.

The devotional meetings were well attended, as they were two years ago, and while there was little of the expression of a joyous religious experience, there was evident on the part of many, a true and deep-toned piety. In this connection I am reminded of a remarkably rich and spiritual address which was delivered on Friday afternoon by the venerable Dr. Morrison, on the religious culture of children. Unitarianism has had its saints, and it has them still. Certain it is, that the Unitarianism of the Unitarian, Thomas Firman, whose life he published in his Arminian Magazine, Mr. Wesley declared that he "could not argue against matter of fact," and "he dare not deny that Mr. Firman was a pious man, although his notions of the Trinity were quite erroneous." It has been the privilege of your correspondent, to number among his personal friends not a few Unitarians who bear the sweetest fragrance of heaven in their faces and the peace of God in their hearts.

The farewell address was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Bellows. He wonderfully retains his vigor and fire. Tenderly and earnestly he urged upon the ministry the need of a deeper consecration and of more of the spirit of the Lord Jesus.

On the whole, the present session was characterized by a decided increase of evangelical sentiment over the last. Some of the young men of the denomination seem to be speaking (towards pantheism); but to a candid observer the ruling tendencies of the body, as manifested at this Conference, seem to be in the opposite direction, and there is on the part of many a manifest desire for more of spiritual life and power.

We doubt whether Unitarianism in this country will ever be more numerous than now. In fact, it could never have assumed its present dimensions, had it not been for the hard Calvinism that formerly characterized the Orthodox Churches of New England. No one need fear to admit the truth that in many respects it has done a good work.

It is a demonstration of history that a strong grasp of the truth that Jesus is *Deus* as well as *Divinus* is essential to an aggressive and conquering Christianity, but that He is found of many who own Him as Lord and Saviour, while they do not fully apprehend the exalted dignity of His person, is also true. The test of discipleship is not the creed of the head, but the love of the heart.

The next session of the Conference will be held in Saratoga in 1878.

J. E. C. SAWYER.

Editorial Items.

Have the ministers made known to their congregations, the offer to send ZION'S HERALD the balance of the year free to all new subscribers? See advertisement of publisher in another column.

"Burleigh," in a pleasant, appreciative, and generally very discriminating notice of the death of Bishop James, makes a singular statement in reference to his use of his voice and his manner in preaching. He says, "at times, he would raise his voice up into a whirlwind of excitement and shriek like an eagle in a storm." We were never so fortunate or unfortunate as to witness such a scene in all our acquaintance with the departed Bishop. His voice was weak and strident in its highest tones, but he held himself in remarkable self-control, even when powerfully moved by emotion. This depth of feeling was real, it was not worked up; it was spontaneous, evidently carried by a strong will, and wonderfully magnetic from the very reason that it was so evidently sincere. His loudest tones were plaintive and persuasive, rather than metallic and forbidding like the shriek of an eagle.

"Burleigh" represents Bishop James as leaving a large property, and this, doubtless, is a prevailing opinion. It is not, however, the fact. It will only be by the wisest management on the part of the executors of his estate, that any considerable sum will remain for the family that he leaves behind him.

We have used, for more than six months, upon our study table, an instrument very properly called the "Sight Protector." It was invented and patented by Rev. M. H. Mendham, President Elder of our Church in Indiana, now residing at Richmond, in that State. It is constructed so as to be used with an oil lamp or with gas. We have used ours with the latter. The light is enclosed within a handsome black walnut box, the sides of which are movable mirrors or reflectors. By a simple arrangement of these, a powerful light is thrown upon a book, or the paper on which one is writing, while the eyes are entirely defended from both the heat and the blaze of the lamp, or of the gas. It has been of great benefit to us, permitting us, after an evening of continued writing, to retire without the usual smarting and throbbing of our eyes, and we can heartily recommend this happy invention, and very neat and simple instrument, to our afflicted brethren of the quill. A note to the inventor will secure an answer to all inquiries.

"THE MIKADO'S EMPIRE. BOOK I. HISTORY OF JAPAN. BOOK II. PERSONAL EXPERIENCES, OBSERVATIONS AND STUDIES IN JAPAN IN 1874-5. NEW YORK: HARPER & BROTHERS. On sale by A. Williams & Co., Boston, 1876.

Dr. Fuller, in his last paper, affirms that the statements of Brother Lansing in reference to the action of the Georgia Conference, published some time since in our paper, are absolutely false, and that the editor of ZION'S HERALD knew it and yet refused to make proper correction. Dr. Fuller sent us a contribution, in response to Brother Lansing, which our foreman measured. He reported that it would fill eight and a half of our columns. The article was also submitted to an officer of the Church, interested in its statements, who said he should demand an extended hearing, if it were published, as he could not accept its statement of facts—thus entailing a protracted and unprofitable controversy. In view, however, of the character of Brother Lansing's article, we wrote to Dr. Fuller, and offered him a column and three quarters of space, in two succeeding papers, to correct the affirmed misstatements of Brother Lansing. The only response we have had is the sharp rejoinder of the editorial note.

The eleventh annual State Convention of the Y. M. C. Association of Massachusetts is to be held at Newburyport, Oct. 18 and 19. The following are the topics for discussion: Evangelistic Work in connection with Associations; Qualifications essential to successful Christian labor; Value and permanency of Young Men's Christian Associations; The best methods for the study and use of God's Word. G. L. v. 6. Prominent pastors, and representative laymen, in this and other States, have been engaged to speak on these topics, but it is desirable that all come prepared to give us their views and counsel.

Rev. John Stinson, of the Scotch Mission in China, who went out in 1837, called at our office on Wednesday, and gave a short address to the ladies officers of the Missionary Society at their business meeting. He was stationed six years at Singapore, and the remainder of the time he has passed at Amoy. He has been engaged upon the translation of the Bible into Chinese. He is returning home by way of San Francisco and the Atlantic.

We learn with sorrow of the severe affliction which has just fallen upon the family of Rev. T. B. Smith. His daughter Bertha, a beautiful girl of great promise, sixteen years of age, died of typhoid fever last Sabbath morning. Another daughter is sick, but improving. Our sympathies and prayers are with our friends. God bless and keep them in the hour of their great sorrow!

We had a short call from Rev. Messrs. Perival and Harrison, Wesleyan ministers at St. Stephens, New Brunswick, adjoining Calais, Me. They have been passing a short and pleasant vacation in a visit to Philadelphia.

The School of Theology of Boston University opened on Monday last with a junior class of thirty members, and with several additions to the upper classes. Matriculation day occurs on the fourth of October.

NOTICE.—The General Missionary Committee will meet in the Mission rooms, Nov. 15, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

DAVID TERRY, Recording Secretary.

Preachers' Aid Collections.

To the Preachers of the New England Conference. Dear Brethren: The committee appointed by you at the last session of our Conference to distribute by recommendation the funds of the Preachers' Aid Society, have had so much difficulty in adjusting the claims of the beneficiaries on account of the great falling off in the collections of last year, that we feel constrained to address you a word that we may stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance. You will see by reference to our last Minutes, page 33, that the collections for this society fell off one-sixth from the previous year. In discharging this diminished sum we have been under the painful necessity of denying the amounts anticipated. In some cases this is extremely hard. We are prompted by these facts to urge you to a systematic effort to secure the sums appropriated this year to your respective charges. The amount appropriated is imperatively needed to make our beneficiaries comfortable.

Will you not, dear brethren, make a special effort this year to secure this end? If your benevolent laymen are ready to surpass their apportionment, do not hold their generosity in check, for we shall need more than we shall get, at the best. If any of you are in doubt as to ways and means, commit to memory the very superior report of our last Conference on "Benevolent Causes," page 27 of the Minutes.

Per order, Disbursing Committee.

Notes from the Churches.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Chelsea.—Mt. Bellingham. The 23d anniversary of the dedication of this church was observed last Sabbath, Sept. 24. An historical sermon was preached by the pastor in the afternoon, dwelling particularly upon the cause and manner of the origin of the church, and the character and aims of its different pastorates. In the evening a praise-meeting was held by Brother James Gibbs, one of its original members, which was followed by anniversary services under the charge of the pastor and superintendent of the Sunday-school, J. A. Ferrell, and consisted of singing by the Sunday-school and choir, and addresses by the original members of the Church in 1853.

Wakefield.—Dillon T. Emmons, one of the leading members of our Church in Wakefield, and an old-time Methodist, died last night in the street at Wakefield, on Saturday, of apoplexy. His age was 68 years. R.

MAINE.

National Holiness Meeting.—A Correction.—In the HERALD of Sept. 21st, Brother Luce, in reporting the National holiness meeting at Old Orchard, says: "By the unanimous request of the preachers present, and several leading laymen, the association are invited to hold another meeting on these grounds next season, in connection with the district meeting." This statement is incorrect in one particular, and will mislead in others. It is true that a meeting was held to consider the project, and ministers of the district were present. But the proposition to unite the "National" and district meetings was not favorably entertained by all of the brethren. Several brethren were opposed to any such combination; and when the measure was pushed through the meeting, they refused to vote for it. It is true they did not vote against it, but they would not vote for it, and that fact was patent to the friends of the movement. While some of those who did vote for the request did so, as they say, because they did not want to be suspected as unfriendly to the doctrine of holiness, they did object to the absorption of the district meeting by the

national, but feared the imputation that some of their brethren have been obliged to bear, of being "anti-holiness." This is not an inference, but their own explanation of the matter.

But the meeting, at which this far from unanimous request was made, by no means represented the district. Not one half of the preachers were present; neither were the laymen largely represented. It is a fact that it is beyond dispute that a large minority, if not a respectable majority, of the Portland District Methodists are opposed to any such attempt to unite the two meetings. It is to be hoped that while the free right to attend the National meetings is accorded to all who may choose to do so, the wishes of the large numbers who ask for a district meeting will be respected. J. R. DAY.

Portland, Sept. 22.

To the Pastors of Readfield District.

Dear Brethren: The season has arrived in which the publishers of our religious periodicals are appealing to us for renewed and increased activity in the work of circulating their publications. Will we not heartily respond? I find in many Methodist families, and in families whose sympathies are with us, many secular papers, literary, political, agricultural, etc., but neither *Herald* nor *Advocate*. Some of our members subscribe to the *Christian Union*, *Christian at Work*, *Golden Rule*, and other papers of kindred character, but read no Methodist paper. As a result, they remain largely ignorant, not only of the considerations by which we demonstrate the Scriptural origin of our creed and economy, but of our denominational progress and status as well. Hence they are easily led astray by the sophisms of errorists; and, wanting in strong attachment to the Church, they fail to secure the benefits flowing from membership; whilst their contributions and endeavors, as compared with what they ought to be, are exceedingly feeble.

While using vigorously God's great instrumentality, the preaching of the Gospel, shall we not call to our aid our denominational press, and in making good Christians, make at the same time, good Methodists? Let us not be satisfied until a Methodist weekly is in every family represented in our congregations; and if our neighbors, after properly patronizing their own, are accessible, let them also be furnished. Let an early and earnest canvass be made for the forthcoming *National Repository*, before *Harper*, *Scrivener*, and others, shall have occupied the ground for another year. The grand old editor, backed by enterprising publishers, will make the reading of it a pride, as well as a pleasure.

And finally, take care that our unequalled *Quarterly* is sent regularly upon, at least, your own study-table.

Monmouth.—Mrs. Cordella, widow of Rev. Caleb Kugler, late of the Maine Conference, died in Liverpool on the morning of Sept. 15th. Her funeral services were held the following Sabbath.

Richmond.—Ten persons were received into full membership in the M. E. Church at Richmond, Sept. 10th, by the pastor. The Lord is still prospering His cause in this charge.

Items.—At the Baptist church in Turner one convert was baptized on a recent Sabbath; and also one at the Baptist church at Bryant's Pond.

The students of Hebron Academy are to have a reunion in October. It is expected that there will be a large gathering and a very interesting occasion.

On a recent Monday evening, as the Lisbon reformers were transacting their regular business at Farnwell's Hall, they were surprised to find assembling in the ante-room a large delegation of ladies with mysterious packages and heavy-laden baskets. On being admitted to the hall, these ladies proceeded to unpack their baskets and to spread tables with the choicest of eatables such as they knew would please and satisfy the appetite of a Lisbon reformer. This little surprise was planned by the ladies, who had a strong impression that good would come of it, and so it did; and for several signed the "iron clad" pledge, and the reformers found themselves surrounded by a large corps of whole-souled temperance ladies ready to co-operate with them in their good undertaking. The Lisbon club is a power for good in the whole town.

The Congregational church in Andover has been presented recently with a fine chandelier by Mr. T. S. Barber of Framingham, Mass.; and the same gentleman has presented the society with a good supply of singing books.

Rev. S. G. Sargent, of Augusta, baptized one convert in Silver Lake, Sunday, September 17th. Mr. S. is soon to baptize several persons at Low's Sidney.

Miss Mary C. Lowe, the first lady graduate of Colby University, has been engaged as assistant teacher in the Bath high school. Drew T. Wyman of Colby University has received a call to the pastorate of a Baptist Church in the western part of the State.

Thirty conversions have occurred in connection with the labors of the Young Men's Christian Association, at the Brighton Hill district near Minot. The 4th annual session of the Kennebec Baptist Association was held in West Waterville last week.

Ten persons were received into the M. E. Church in Richmond, Sunday, September 10th, mostly heads of families. The Church is prosperous.

The Bowdoinham Baptist Association met at Wayne, September 12th. Rev. J. J. Everett presided. The occasion was a social one. The meeting was very largely attended.

The Friends are to hold a series of revival meetings in the North Parish, Augusta, the last of September.

St. Catherine's Hall in Augusta was formally opened Thursday evening, September 14th. Bishop Newell, of Portland, officiated. Among the distinguished personages present was Secretary Morrill.

An enthusiastic and interesting union temperance meeting was held at North Windham recently. Representatives from five or six reform clubs were present, and all spoke most hopefully of the progress of the reform work. Several reformed men confessed to having been converted, since their reformation from intemperance.

Rev. W. B. Hayden, who has been pastor of the New Jerusalem Church, in Portland, for the past twenty-eight years, announced to his congregation Sunday, September 17th, his determination to resign his pastorate the following Sabbath. Mr. Hayden, by his ability, amiability, and elevated character, has won a high and honorable place in the affections and admiration of the citizens of Portland, and his loss will be felt by all.

Miss Amanda Smith, the colored sister, spent Sunday, September 17th, in Portland, and did good service in several of the Churches. In the absence of the pastor, Brother Johnston, she took charge of the prayer-meeting in Pine Street church, Sunday evening, September 18th. Her prayer-meeting was most excellently managed. Many of the students from this Academy are to-day taking high rank in

Rev. Dr. H. B. Ridgway spent Sunday, September 17th, with his old friends and admirers in Portland, preaching at Chestnut Street church in the forenoon. His announcement to preach in Portland is always the signal of a large congregation. His many friends will regret that his field of labor removes him so far westward.

The public library in Portland has lately received donations in books, papers, etc., of considerable value, among which was a meditation head of the late Hon. W. P. Fessenden, donated by Mr. J. T. Winslow.

A corporation has been organized, with a capital of \$200,000, to operate a gold mine which has recently been discovered in the town of Waterboro'. Captain S. Brown, of Kennebunkport, is president.

Rev. C. B. Piblad, of Manchester, preached an able and exceedingly interesting sermon, on the last day of the late National camp-meeting at Old Orchard, which the publishers of our religious periodicals are appealing to us for renewed and increased activity in the work of circulating their publications. Will we not heartily respond?

EAST MAINE.

Northport Camp-meeting.—A very pleasant episode occurred on Tuesday. The little society at Rockport, Brother A. J. Clifford, pastor, have erected and partially finished a neat, two-story society cottage on the "inner circle." It will be very pretty and a decided addition to the appearance of the circle. Brother Clifford proposed to have a short dedicatory service at one o'clock, and called in a number of preachers for that purpose. Appropriate Scriptures were read, hymns sung, an address made by L. D. Wardwell, and prayer offered by A. Church. It was a very pleasant and profitable occasion, and we doubt not gave encouragement to the energetic and devoted Church and pastor.

An infant son of Brother C. A. Plummer was baptized at the stand in presence of the congregation by Brother Wardwell.

A. CHURCH.

The first District Conference of the Bangor District for the current Conference year, has just been held in Brewer, Me., under the presidency of Rev. A. Prince. Notwithstanding the unfavorable character of the weather, there were from fifteen to twenty ministers and stewards present. Three good and useful sermons were preached, and the social services were seasons of refreshing and brotherly love. Several essays and papers were presented on important and interesting subjects.

During its session the Conference was saddened by the intelligence, received through ZION'S HERALD, of the death of our beloved Bishop Jones. Impressive addresses were made on the occasion by the Presiding Elder and senior members of the Conference, and the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

That, whereas the M. E. Church has been again afflicted by the death of her beloved Bishop, Edward S. Jones, we therefore, in recognition of his high position, and his long and faithful service to the Church, do hereby resolve, that we will strive to be more diligent in our efforts to glorify God, and to be more united in our love and fellowship, and to be more zealous in our efforts to extend the Kingdom of Christ.

Resolved, 1. That we will strive to be more diligent in our efforts to glorify God, and to be more united in our love and fellowship, and to be more zealous in our efforts to extend the Kingdom of Christ.

2. That, under the shadow of this great bereavement, as members of the Church, we will strive to be more diligent in our efforts to glorify God, and to be more united in our love and fellowship, and to be more zealous in our efforts to extend the Kingdom of Christ.

3. That, under the shadow of this great bereavement, as members of the Church, we will strive to be more diligent in our efforts to glorify God, and to be more united in our love and fellowship, and to be more zealous in our efforts to extend the Kingdom of Christ.

4. That, under the shadow of this great bereavement, as members of the Church, we will strive to be more diligent in our efforts to glorify God, and to be more united in our love and fellowship, and to be more zealous in our efforts to extend the Kingdom of Christ.

5. That, under the shadow of this great bereavement, as members of the Church, we will strive to be more diligent in our efforts to glorify God, and to be more united in our love and fellowship, and to be more zealous in our efforts to extend the Kingdom of Christ.

6. That, under the shadow of this great bereavement, as members of the Church, we will strive to be more diligent in our efforts to glorify God, and to be more united in our love and fellowship, and to be more zealous in our efforts to extend the Kingdom of Christ.

7. That, under the shadow of this great bereavement, as members of the Church, we will strive to be more diligent in our efforts to glorify God, and to be more united in our love and fellowship, and to be more zealous in our efforts to extend the Kingdom of Christ.

8. That, under the shadow of this great bereavement, as members of the Church, we will strive to be more diligent in our efforts to glorify God, and to be more united in our love and fellowship, and to be more zealous in our efforts to extend the Kingdom of Christ.

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20. That, under the shadow of this great bereavement, as members of the Church, we will strive to be more diligent in our efforts to glorify God, and to be more united in our love and fellowship, and to be more zealous in our efforts to extend the Kingdom of Christ.

some of the first colleges of the land. The musical department has a new Chickering grand piano. Prof. J. W. Dersheimer takes charge of the Commercial College, and has already proved himself the right man in the right place. The religious influence in the school is all that could be desired. All of the teachers are large numbers of the students are professing Christians. Social religious meetings are held each week in the Academy, and scarcely a term passes without conversions among the students. For a school combining thorough discipline, the best kind of instruction, and a social and religious influence which cannot fail to refine and improve all those who come within its influence, we have yet to learn of a superior.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of Providence had a pleasant gathering at the Mathewson Street Church on the evening of September 20. Brief missionary dialogues and singing were followed by refreshments, and at the close of the interview the ladies found their treasury replenished to the amount of nearly one hundred dollars.

Dr. Whedon lately presented at the Presbyterians' Meeting a very compact and able argument for infant baptism, which those who heard would be glad to see published.

The ministry of Rhode Island has an important vacancy made in its ranks by the resignation of Rev. C. H. Malcom, D. D., pastor of the Second Baptist Church in Newport. Dr. Malcom has a national reputation, not only for his ability and culture, but also for his bold and faithful advocacy of open communion. He has accepted the position of second secretary of the American Peace Society, and will strike hard blows against the gigantic evil of war, as he has against the practice of close communion in his denomination.

There is no explaining the sudden change which the financial prospects of East Greenwich have taken, on natural principles. A few months ago this institution was in the deepest mire of pecuniary distress. To-day, while it still needs immediate and liberal aid, its future is full of hope. It appears that the agent, seeing how forlorn an undertaking was before him, looked to God for special help, and rested his hope of success on divine interposition. And he worked as well prayed. He is still working, and praying, and believing, and receiving; and the black cloud which hung over this venerable institution has parted. Its friends are greatly encouraged; but they need still to labor, pray and give.

CONNECTICUT.

Square Pond.—I have found so much interest in the articles in the HERALD about his "first circuit," that I trust you will allow me to express it in your columns; and to add, also, that I have been stationed during the last five years and a half, the first three at Somers (five miles from Square Pond), the fourth at Tolland, still nearer the Pond, and the fifth, and thus far on the sixth, at Windsorville, about eight miles from the Pond.

At the Pond, although the society is small, Methodism persistently maintains its hold, with an abundance of cold sermons, but with unmothered responses when the Gospel is given them warm from the heart. At Tolland, the old "meeting-house" is still used, and salvation still flows therein; although its venerable walls are only "white-washed," and there isn't even the result of a union effort commencing with the week of prayer, and continued some three months, aided by delegates from the Y. M. C. Association. Most of the conversions, in both the Methodist and Congregational societies, are young people of the Sabbath-schools. Eighteen have joined on trial since Conference. Last Sabbath fifteen went forward in baptism. Thirteen were sprinkled, and two were immersed. One was received into full connection. This was a good day for our Church here. At the Congregational church eight were received into that communion on profession, the same day. A few had joined previous, and others are to come. Most of these are the fruits of the union efforts last winter.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Rindge.—Our Church in Rindge has been greatly blessed since the beginning of the year, in seeing the salvation of precious souls—the result of a union effort commencing with the week of prayer, and continued some three months, aided by delegates from the Y. M. C. Association. Most of the conversions, in both the Methodist and Congregational societies, are young people of the Sabbath-schools. Eighteen have joined on trial since Conference. Last Sabbath fifteen went forward in baptism. Thirteen were sprinkled, and two were immersed. One was received into full connection. This was a good day for our Church here. At the Congregational church eight were received into that communion on profession, the same day. A few had joined previous, and others are to come. Most of these are the fruits of the union efforts last winter.

Gloucester.—A good religious interest now prevails in the M. E. Church at Gloucester, where A. R. Lunt is laboring. At a late meeting five were forward for prayers, some of whom have found the Saviour.

We are sorry to learn of the illness of Rev. J. D. Folsom, of Hudson, with diphtheria. He has been kept from his pulpit for several Sabbaths, and is now recovering.

A remarkably pleasant fraternal feeling exists between the High Street Methodist and Congregational Churches of Great Falls. The Congregationalists are now repairing their house of worship, and by invitation occupy the Methodist house for their services a part of each Sabbath. Mr. Woodward, Methodist pastor, preaches a part of the day, and Mr. Webb, Congregationalist, the other part, both congregations being represented at both services. The arrangement is much enjoyed by both societies.

Rev. G. W. Norris, Methodist pastor at Keene, is working with his usual zeal, and winning his usual success. On a recent Sabbath he baptized two persons, one by sprinkling and one by immersion. His society, feeling the pressure of hard times, have taken a very proper step in deciding to give nothing for the present, for the services of organists, singers and sexton.

The Baptist Church at South Lyndeborough received six new members Sept. 3. There were nine additions to the Congregational Church of Lancaster on a late Sabbath.

At the late meeting of the General Association of Congregational Churches, held at Littleton, the report of the statistical secretary showed 1,800 new members received during the year, two churches organized, three church buildings erected, and \$47,000 raised for benevolent purposes.

Rev. Sullivan Holman, formerly of the N. H. Conference, who for several years has been residing in Kansas, has returned to this State and taken up his residence in Concord. He is now supplying the pulpit of the First M. E. Church, in the absence of the pastor, Rev. Mr. Field.

Mr. Daniel D. Dodge was ordained as an evangelist, in the Olive Street (Congregational) Church, Nashua, Sept. 17. His labors will be among the colored people of the South, where for some years he has been engaged as a teacher. Rev. Samuel Robbins, an aged Free Will Baptist clergyman, died at East Andover a few days since.

Rev. J. Graves, Christian Baptist, has resigned his pastorate at Hampton Falls.

The venerable Daniel Barber, father of Revs. D. W. and G. W. Barber of the New Hampshire and Maine Conferences, gently passed away on the 19th inst., in his 85th year. The old homestead where four generations of Daniel Barber have lived, now passes entirely into the hands of the Heddington Camp-meeting Association.

VERMONT.

Wilmington.—At the last quarterly meeting in Windsor, seven were baptized and eleven received in full connection. The fruits of the extensive revival of last winter are being gathered in. Some have been converted since Conference. Brother A. M. Folger, the pastor, is earnestly laboring for the salvation of souls in Windsor. There is praying and hoping that soon there will be a new church.

The Church in Hartland is prospering under the labors of Brother A. J. Hough, and is increasing in numbers and strength. He has excellent congregations, and is deservedly popular among all classes. The "four days' meeting" of last winter was a great blessing to the charge. There will be another this year at North Hartland. The Church seemed to be ready for work.

The Church at Wilmington has been repaired inside and papered in good style. At the quarterly meeting it presented the appearance of a new church. Six were baptized, and four received in full membership. The Lord is blessing the Church under the labors of Brother Buckley, and now, as in the past, there will be earnest work for the salvation of souls. There were many testimonies at the love-feast of "trust in Jesus" and "all for Jesus."

J. D. BERNAN.

GENERAL METHODIST ITEMS.

Ex-Senator Revels is talked of for the Bishop's office by our Southern colored brethren.

Rev. Dr. and Mrs. F. S. DeHass have arrived in this country from Jerusalem to spend four months.

The National Local Preachers' Association will meet in Philadelphia, Sept. 30th, instead of the 23d, the time first fixed.

Rev. Robert Williams, one of the oldest and most respected ministers of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Church in this country, died at his residence, in Ohio, Sept. 10, 1876, being then in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

Arch Street Church, Philadelphia, is crowded to overflowing, so much so that Dr. Hatfield has inaugurated preaching services in the afternoon for the benefit of strangers.

The venerable Dr. Peter Akers was introduced to the African M. E. Conference at Jacksonville, Ill., and addressed the body for half an hour.

Rev. J. H. Van Cleave has been appointed financial agent of the Ohio Wesleyan University.

Seven thousand persons have been received into the M. E. Church by Rev. Granville Moody, D. D., in his ministry of over forty-five years.

Rev. Thomas Taylor, of the Memphis Conference of the Church South, died on the 31st inst., at Jackson, Tennessee. He was sixty-five years old, and had been preaching for about forty-five years.

At the session of the Rocky Mountain Methodist Episcopal Conference, recently held in Helena City, Montana, it was decided to make of it two Conferences, to be named Montana and Utah.

The Detroit Conference missionary collections aggregated an advance of about hundred dollars on those of the previous years.

The Southern Methodist Church has established a Swede mission at Austin, Texas, and the membership has been increased in a short time from five to ninety-one.

At the Detroit Conference Bishop Ames sustained the ruling of Dr. Fisher, that under the statutes of the Church no woman can be licensed to preach.

On the 31st inst., in the M. E. Church at Glen Falls, New York, twenty-six were baptized, and 105 were received into full communion. The form of reception was attended with unusual solemnity and power. The members of the official board followed the pastor in extending the hand of Christian fellowship to the candidates. At the Sabbath-school service, the whole school, about 300, took the pledge, which was printed on small cards. This society is prospering gloriously under the leadership of Rev. Charles Edwards.

OTHER DENOMINATIONS.

Rev. Joseph McElroy, D. D., the oldest Presbyterian minister in New York, died recently in his eighty-fourth year. He was for fifty years pastor of the Scotch Church, in Fourteenth Street.

The Muskegon Free Baptist Association met recently in the Indian territory, and was attended by about two hundred Indians.

Walter Ching Young, a Chinese convert to Christianity, and a student of Kenyon College and the Philadelphia Divinity School, has taken up his residence in San Francisco as a missionary to his people there.

Quite a remarkable religious interest has lately appeared in the Presbyterian Church at Lima, N. Y.

Rev. James Cary Pike, the Secretary of the English General Baptist Mission Association, died August 11, at Leicester.

The Third Congregational Church in New Haven was filled on Sunday, September 10, to hear a sermon from the pastor, Rev. S. R. Denison, D. D., reviewing the fifty years of his history. The *Folded* characterizes the discourse as one of Dr. Denison's finest efforts.

The Annual Meeting of the American Board will be held at Hartford, Conn., commencing Oct. 3 and closing Oct. 6. The sermon will be preached by Rev. William M. Taylor, D. D., and Dr. Tourjee will have direction of the music.

The Congregational people of Rindge, N. H., have been appropriately celebrating the Centennial year by giving about fifty days' work to grade and improve the grounds surrounding their parsonage, the birth-place of Dr. Edward Payson.

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New subscribers, who will forward their names BETWEEN THIS AND OCTOBER 1st, shall have the paper the **BALANCE OF THE YEAR FREE!!**
And on the payment of their subscription it will be dated January 1, 1878.

This offer is made with the expectation of adding to our list a large number of NEW NAMES. We wish most earnestly to appeal to every Methodist minister to make the offer known to his people AT ONCE. Do not, brethren, allow the matter to be delayed. There is not, probably, a Church in New England where there could not be obtained many new subscribers by a little special effort.

Also, bear in mind that the interests of the paper are largely in your hands. We send out no special agents, and IF YOU FAIL TO GIVE IT YOUR ATTENTION, it is entirely neglected.

Be kind enough to announce our offer to your congregations WITHOUT DELAY.

Also, make arrangements for canvassing the Church and Society. If it is not possible for you to give it your personal attention, select some suitable person to do so.

Lists of subscribers will be forwarded very soon to each preacher in charge; and, in the mean time, we hope arrangements will be made for a thorough canvass of every Church and Society.

It often happens, in sending out lists, that the names of some subscribers are omitted. This is occasioned by there being more than one post-office on a charge. If the subscriber's post-office address is not the same as the minister's, of course we have no way of knowing that they are members of his parish. When names are omitted, please inform us, and they will be forwarded at once.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Fourth Quarter.
Sunday, October 8.
Lesson II. Acts vii, 35-50.
BY REV. W. E. HUNTINGTON.

STEPHEN'S DEFENSE.

The study of Stephen's defense before the council, becomes a very satisfactory review of Israel's history; for his apology is a collocation of facts which prove the divine element in the history of the early Jewish Church. This lesson reviews the Mosaic dispensation—and three great factors enter into the problem of that wonderful epoch. First, there were the multitudes of bondmen by whom a "chosen nation" was to be organized, and a Church of the living God was to be built. Next, there was given to this people a wonderful man who could so enter into the divine plan for redeeming this people, that he became the voice of God to utter His commands, the hand of God to guide the host, the power of God to control and fashion a race of slaves into a nation of free men. And the third and supreme factor was Jehovah, who by His sovereign motions brought to pass, through successive periods, the steady development of a true religion.

This Moses whom they refused. Moses had first visited his people in Egypt, and had endeavored, in a certain dispute between two Hebrew brethren, to act as arbiter and peace-maker, but was rejected by the exclamation—"Who made thee a ruler and a judge?" He was thrust aside by his own people, hunted by Pharaoh, and finally compelled to flee to Midian where he married and became the keeper of Jethro's flocks.

The same did God send to be a ruler and a deliverer. "This," and "the same" are used to intensify the allusion to Moses. Perhaps Stephen had in mind the rejection of the second great Deliverer by the Jews, and was thinking of the parallel between Moses and Christ, showing to the council that once before, in the history of their race, a divinely commissioned man had been cast aside as a usurper. His rejection was no indication that he was not the man for the work. God rescued him in infancy, put him into the best training that the age could afford, kept him in Midian to be strengthened by its solitude until the hour struck, and then sent him into Egypt to rule down the tyranny of Pharaoh, and to deliver the Hebrews from slavery.

By the hand of the angel, etc. God works through His angels. The angel mediated on the divine side, and Moses was mediator on the human side of this great transaction for redeeming Israel. The radiant bush, all aflame with God's presence, became the oracle where Moses received the divine commission.

He brought them out, etc. He carried in himself the power necessary to make him a deliverer. A tyrant must be overthrown and scourged into submission to God's will. Nothing short of miraculous power was sufficient to wrench asunder the fetters which bound his people. Moses held this divine, redeeming power, as a mediator. Egypt, the Red Sea, and the wilderness all became arenas where Moses exhibited the might of an inspired man, as diplomat, captain, law-giver, ruler and prophet. A great French monarch said, "I am the State;" Moses, in his many-sided office, standing at the head of the Hebrew people for forty years, was both State and Church personified. The destiny of a nation seemed, for the time, to be in his hands, with its politics and its religion.

This is that Moses which said. . . A Prophet, etc. Moses foretold the coming Messiah who would fulfill both in character and office all types and symbols, and would do a work like that of Moses, but on a world-wide scale. Stephen quotes this Messianic prophecy from Moses, to show that the head of the old dispensation looked forward to the Head of the new, and exhorted Israel to hear Him. Stephen defends himself, by this argument, from the charge of blasphemy against the law, and at the same time puts into a shameful attitude the crucifiers of Christ, the refined power of the thrust being felt in his not saying bluntly that Christ was that Prophet.

He that was in the church in the wilderness. Moses stood between the assembly (Church) of the people, and the angel of the covenant. He mediated as the law-giver. He was the head of this moving Church, taking the messages from the angel in the mount and delivering them to the people.

This fact is mentioned to show how exalted a service Moses performed, in contrast with the indignity which he experienced at the hands of his countrymen. He was a type, Stephen would say, of the Jesus despised, crucified by those whom he would reconcile unto God." (Hackett.)

Who received the lively oracles, etc. The moral law was life-giving to all that received it. The commandments of the Decalogue will not impart life except as they are believed and obeyed. The law was "ordained to life" as Paul affirmed, but it is "unto death" unless conscience is stirred, and the will is brought into submission to God's will by its "thou shalt," and "thou shalt not."

Whom our fathers would not obey. The people became tired of the wilderness march, doubtful of Moses; the enthusiasm of their first taste of liberty died out. They murmured against their deliverer, called him an impostor, and sighed to return to the bondage of Egypt rather than to endure the hardships of such wanderings. They were backsliders, so blind to the future, that even slavery looked better to them than this process of their deliverance.

Make no gods to go before us. Moses was upon the mount, in sublime intercourse with Jehovah. The multitude had not faith enough to wait for their leader to bring them his message. They had been trained in idolatrous customs, and now in their despondency and faithlessness, wanted images and idols which they could see and handle.

They made a calf in those days. Aaron made the image of a bull, at the demand of the people. This symbol was no doubt borrowed from Egypt. At Memphis the Egyptians worshipped a bull called Apis, and at Heliopolis another called Mnevis. It was the intention of the people to use this as the visible image of Jehovah. They did not deny Jehovah, but worshipped Him in an idol. Nevertheless, the sin of idolatry was the result of this heathenish freak; and they "sacrificed" and "rejoiced" before this golden bull like a horde of pagans.

Then God turned and gave them up, etc. God punished them by letting them go on into deeper guilt, as they practiced other idolatries. He left them to their wickedness and its necessary punishment. Star worship, or Sabatism, became common among a people who had seen such wonderful manifestations of God. A judicial blindness seemed to come upon these backslidden Israelites, so that they could not see the revelations of the only true and living God.

Have ye offered to me? etc.—a question which implies a negative answer, as much as to say—"Ye have not for forty years offered Me the exclusive service and sacrifices which ye owed." They had not been always idolaters during that period. But God could not share with idols. Stephen's quotation is from Amos v. 25.

Ye took up the tabernacle of Moloch. Ye carried instead of My tabernacle, a tent for your image of Moloch.

Moloch was the Phœnician Saturn: his image was of brass with the head of an ox, and outstretched arms of a man, hollow; and human sacrifices (of children) were offered, by laying them in these arms and heating the image by a fire kindled within. The rigid prohibitions of the worship of Moloch were openly transgressed by Ahaz and Manasseh; see also 2 Kings xxiii, 10; Jer. vii, 31; xxxiii, 25 (Alford).

The star of your god Remphan. There are many opinions upon this clause, some thinking that the name Remphan is of Egyptian origin and refers to the planet Saturn; others think the Hebrew word, translated in the Septuagint version "Remphan," and so quoted by Stephen, means carriage or frame, on which the star or image was carried.

I will carry you away beyond Babylon. The Syrian capital, Damascus, is mentioned in the original divine threat; but Stephen supplies the more familiar name of Babylon, which, in the fulfillment of God's punishment of the Jews, had become inseparably connected with their captivity.

Our fathers had the tabernacle of witness, etc. There is a change of current in the speaker's discourse, at this point, suggested, perhaps, by the word "tabernacle" as used in the preceding sentence. There is a wide contrast between the tabernacle of Moloch and that of the Covenant; but Stephen does not emphasize the contrast.

As he had appointed. See Ex. xxv, 9-40. God had shown Moses the pattern of the ark and tabernacle on Mt. Sinai. God Himself planned the sanctuary to be used for His worship; human skill put the parts together.

Which . . . our fathers . . . brought in with Joshua. The contemporaries of Joshua, who became the leader after the death of Moses, were faithful to the care of that movable temple which held the ark. It was not only the sanctuary of the wilderness, but was also the only temple in Canaan until the time of David and Solomon.

Howbeit the Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands. Stephen had now shown, by tracing the story of the tabernacle and temple, that he was a sincere believer in God's economy of worship as it had been developed in Israel. And now he rises, in his historic argument, to the point reached by Christ as He taught His sublime lesson by Jacob's well in Samaria, that God is a Spirit, and no temple or mountain can confine the worship or the presence of God. This passage is aimed at those Jews who felt a superstitious reverence for the temple and its ritual.

Heaven is my throne, etc. This is a quotation from the prophet Isaiah lvi, 1, 2. No limits that the human mind can conceive, circumscribe Him who is the Creator of the universe. Heaven, with its boundlessness, is His throne; the earth is only a footstool. What is a house, however imposing its structure, to Him who fills all time and all space? Stephen says nothing blasphemous, or derogatory of the temple and its service, but only shows, in the language of their great Messianic prophet, that God is infinitely greater than all that can be seen and made.

ZION'S HERALD QUESTIONS.

From the Notes.
Berean Lesson Series, October 8.

- 1 Give a rapid sketch of Moses' early life.
- 2 What was the occasion of his rejection by the Hebrews?
- 3 In what respects was Moses a type of Christ?
- 4 Mention some of the "wonders and signs" performed in Egypt, the Red Sea, and the wilderness.
- 5 What was the "church in the wilderness?"
- 6 What was the first idolatry of the Israelites?
- 7 Tell the story of the tabernacle and of the temple.

The Family.

IN EXPECTATION OF DEATH.

BY CONSTANTIA.

When I was young, my lover stole
One of my ringlets fair;
I wept—ah, no—those always part,
Who, having once changed heart for heart,
Change also locks of hair.

And wonder! opened eyes have seen
The spirits of the dead
Gather like moths in silent bands,
Round half once reft by tender hands,
From some now shrouded head.

If—here he closed my quivering mouth,
And, where the curl had lain,
Laid payment rich for what he stole.
Could I to one have crushed life's whole,
I'd live that hour again.

My golden curls are silvering o'er;
Who needs? The seas roll wide.
When one I know their bounds shall pass,
There'll be no tresses save long grass
For his hands to divide.

When I shall lie low, deep, a-cold,
And never hear him tread;
Whether he weep, or sigh, or moan,
I shall lie passive as a stone,
He, living, and I—dead.

And then he will rise up and go.
With slow steps, looking back,
Still going, leaving me to keep
My frozen and eternal sleep,
Beneath the earth so black.

Pale brow, oft leant against his brow;
Dear hands where his lips lay;
Dim eyes that knew not they were fair,
Till his praise made them half they were—
Must all these pass away!

Must naught of mine be left for him
Save the poor curl he stole?
Round which this wildly loving me
Will float unseen continually,
A disembodied soul!

A soul! glad thought! that, lightning-like,
Leaps from the cloud of doom;
If living, all this load of clay
Keeps not my soul from him away—
Thou canst not, cruel tomb!

The moment that these earth-chains burst,
Like an enfranchised dove,
O'er sea and land to him I'll fly,
Whom only, whether I live or die,
I loved, love, and shall love.

I breathe around him; he shall breathe
My life instead of air;
In glowing sunbeams round his head,
My visionary hands I'll spread,
And kiss his forehead fair.

I'll stand an angel bold and strong,
Between his soul and sin;
If grief-lens heavy on his heart,
I'll beat its marble doors apart,
And let peace enter in.

He nevermore shall part from me,
Nor I from him abide;
Let these poor limbs in earth find rest—
I'll live like love within his breast,
Rejoicing that I died.

ENROBED.

BY MAUD L. STANTON.

Patter, patter, came the fast-falling
rain against the window of a pleasant
cottage in the quiet town of Royalston.
Lula Benson stood by the window im-
patiently tapping the casement with her
white hand, a dark frown on her brow.
"Such stupid weather," she exclaimed,
petulantly. "For three days I haven't
stepped my foot out of doors, just on
account of this drizzling rain. I wish
to mercy it would stop."

"You haven't finished father's slip-
pers. Perhaps the time would not seem
so long if you were at work," her moth-
er suggested—a pale, quiet little
woman, who thought no one quite so
beautiful as her own daughter. "The
time seems very short to me," and with
a heavy sigh she glanced at the well-
filled basket of clothes by her side.

A flush rose to Lula's brow. Did her
mother mean a reproach by that glance
and sigh? No; Lula knew she did not,
and she answered fretfully: "I hate to
work. It makes me nervous to watch
you. I shall be glad when father comes
home with the money. Then I'll throw
the old mending in the stove," and she
threw herself on the carpet by her moth-
er's side.

The mother glanced fondly at the
beautiful, flushed face lifted to her own,
and lovingly smoothed the golden curls.
"Ah, Lula," she said proudly, "when
father comes we will leave this misera-
ble town and remove to the city, where
you can have superior advantages, and
stand as high as the highest in the land."

Poor, fond mother! The proud young
head was bent. Was it in shame as she
thought of the drudge who had always
been, that her fair hands should not be
soiled with labor, that her brow might
remain free from care? And now, your
only thought is for her. It may have
been, for when she raised her head,
there were tears in her large blue eyes,
and a drop fell on her mother's hand, as
she bent to kiss it.

Walter Benson was left an orphan at
the early age of four years. His uncle
kindly gave him a home, and his youth-
ful days were mostly happy ones. But
one morning his uncle was missing, and
it was found that he had robbed the firm
in which he was an employee, of a large
amount of money, and Walter was
again thrown on the cold mercies of the
world. He was, at this time, fifteen
years of age, and he felt his uncle's dis-
grace keenly. He could not stay there
under his uncle's roof. But where should
he go? Without money, with-
out friends, what could he do?

He was not so utterly friendless as he
thought. There were many kind hearts
that, while they condemned the uncle's
course, felt only pity for the lonely boy.
And one obtained employment for him
in his brother's store in Royalston.

Walter entered upon his duties at once,
rose rapidly in his employer's favor,
married, and at length became sole pro-
prietor of the store which he had en-
tered a poor, sorrowful clerk, his uncle's
disgrace lying heavily upon him. But
he was not satisfied. He wished his

beautiful daughter to enjoy higher ad-
vantages than the little town of Royal-
ston afforded. And now, a letter had
been received from his uncle, who was
in New York, dying, and who had sent
for Walter. He had amassed a large
fortune, and wished justice done to the
firm he had robbed. The remainder—
a fabulous amount—he gave to Walter.

Lula had again resumed her place by
the window, and suddenly spoke:

"There may be a letter in the office
from father. Who knows? I'm going
down any way."

"I wouldn't, Lula, this damp, rainy
night. I am afraid to have you go
alone. It is quite dark, even now. I
will send Tom to the office."

"I don't want Tom to go. I want to
go myself. There is a meeting to-night,
too. There is going to be preaching by
somebody, I've forgotten whom. I'll
call for Mary Ellis. She always goes."

"But, Lula, darling, it is raining,"
Mrs. Benson said anxiously.

"I shall die to stay here another
evening; and I'll wear my waterproof
and rubbers," she said, pleadingly.

Lula Benson, in all her independent
pride and selfishness, had a very tender,
loving heart. It mattered not that Mary
Ellis was poor and plain. Lula had
chosen her as a friend, and no one dared
resent it. Even Mr. Benson, particular
as he was in regard to her associates,
was pleased with her choice. "She is
modest and unassuming, yet you cannot
fail to acknowledge her real worth,"
he had often remarked to his wife.

Notwithstanding the storm, quite a
number were assembled in the vestry.
The stranger, a young man, rose and
repeated as his text the following
words: "But put ye on the Lord Jesus
Christ."

The peculiar intonation drew Lula's
wandering attention, and she glanced
with bright, eager eyes at the speaker.

"But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ,"
he again repeated, solemnly and ear-
nestly, and her glance changed to one of
startled wonder. Then, in soft, musical
tones, he delineated the life and death
of the Saviour, and with an earnestness
that thrilled his hearers, urged them to
throw off the robes of self-righteousness
and sin, and be clothed anew in Christ
Jesus; to be humble as He was humble;

holy as He was holy; in short, to imi-
tate Him in all things, "who did no sin,
neither was guile found in His mouth;
who, when He was reviled, reviled not
again; when He suffered, He threatened
not; who His own self bore our sins in
His own body on the tree, that we, being
dead to sin, should live unto righteousness."

Lula had listened eagerly and in fear,
and during the few remaining moments
she sat with her head bowed, while one
after another of the little audience rose
and testified of the Saviour's love. They
had put on Christ Jesus. She was
clothed in robes of sin, and she longed
then and there to throw them off.

Mary had noticed her absorbed atten-
tion, so different from her usual restless
manner, and, lifting her heart in prayer
to God, she thought of pleading with
her on the way home; but Tom Sheldon
accompanied them, and she could only
whisper, "good-night, Lula," in tremu-
lous tones.

"Good-night, dear, and pleasant
dreams," Lula had replied lightly, and
then relapsed into silence, replying to
Tom's questions in monosyllables only,
with no expression of interest, until he
was fain to remain silent, also. "Good-
night," she said shortly, as they paused
at her door, and poor Tom walked
away, trying to recall what he had said
to offend her.

On returning home, Mr. Benson made
immediate preparations for removal to
the city. The parting between Lula
and Mary was a very sad one, and as
Mary timidly spoke of the Friend that
is always with us, Lula wept as if her
heart would break.

"I wish I was a Christian," she
sobbed, "but I have no time now."

"Now is the day of salvation. Now
is the accepted time," Lula dear."

"Not now; I cannot, Mary. I shall
never forget you, never. You must write
to me often—write to me about the
meetings. I shall be glad to hear
Don't cry, darling, I'm not worthy of
your tears," she said, her own voice
tremulous with emotion.

"If I had been more faithful," began
Mary, but Lula interrupted her eagerly:
"You have been faithful, Mary. You
pure, unselfish life has spoken volumes,
and last Thursday evening I knew you
wished to speak with me, and I wouldn't
let you; but I never can forget that
evening—never, as long as I live. Oh,
I wish I was a Christian!" and again
she wept, but refused to yield.

Three years later, in her beautiful
city home, surrounded by every luxury,
Lula, pleading with her father to be taken
home to Royalston. Worn almost to a
shadow, though beautiful still, you would
scarcely recognize the once beau-
tiful, joyous girl. She had mingled
often in society, had appeared the gayest
of the gay; but in the gayest scene,
when gazing on lovely landscapes un-
der the sunny skies of Italy, or alone in
her room, she would hear in thrilling
tones, the words: "But put ye on the
Lord Jesus Christ." Her face would
pale, her form tremble. In vain they
questioned. "It is nothing," was al-
ways her low reply. But, day by day,
she became weaker, and she seemed
slowly fading—fading unto death.

Softly and gently the church bell was
ringing, and as its tones fell on the ear
of a young girl seated by a window in
the Royalston Hotel, she arose, and,
laying her hand gently on her father's
arm, said quietly, "Father, I would like
to go to prayer-meeting."

"But, Lula, I have been told that

they are holding revival meetings, and
I am afraid the excitement will prove
too much for you."

"I do not fear the excitement, father.
I must go," she answered earnestly.
And, fearing to oppose her, though
sorely against his will, he accompanied
her to the church.

They were holding revival meetings,
and the moment Lula entered she felt
the Spirit's influence. Too weary and
heart-sick to struggle longer, she laid
her head on her father's shoulder and
wept silently. When an invitation to
sinners to go forward was given, she
whispered gently, "I am going, father."

"Are you tired, darling?" he asked
tenderly. "Yes, we will go now."

"Father, you misunderstand me. I
am going forward to the anxious seat."

A dark frown gathered on his brow.
"You are excited, Lula. You must not
go," he said.

"Father, I must," she whispered
earnestly, lifting her large blue eyes,
still clear and beautiful, to him.

He glanced anxiously at her as she
spoke. So frail and delicate, so little
time it might be that she would be with
him! Could he refuse her now? And
bending low to conceal his tears, he said
gently, "I cannot let you go alone—
come!" and together they walked slow-
ly down the aisle—he seemingly proud,
stern and cold, and she so frail and gen-
tle, that many eyes were wet with tears
as they watched them.

The minister, Mr. Steele, was the
same young man she had heard preach
that memorable Thursday evening.
As he approached her, Lula uttered a
glad cry of recognition. "I want to
put on the Lord Jesus Christ," she said
eagerly.

He knelt with her in prayer, and peace
like a river flowed into her soul. Rising,
she said joyfully, "I shall get well, now,
father, for Jesus has taken away my
robes of sin," and then faintly in his
arms. Lifting her tenderly, and spur-
ring her efforts of assistance, he strode
angrily from the room, a deadly fear in
his heart. But the cool evening breeze
soon revived her, and she glanced up
with a bright, happy smile.

That night she rested peacefully and
well.

What were the strong man's emotions
as he sat by his daughter's bedside,
alone during the night? He can only
tell you that in the morning's first dawn,
as the sun rose slowly, flooding all the
eastern sky with glory, and shedding
its softened rays on the brow of the
gentle sleeper, he knelt with the prom-
ise that if God would restore his daugh-
ter to health and happiness, he would
be Christ's faithful follower.

God answered his prayer, and his
promise was kept.

THE AUTUMN.

A few days ago, our hostess said, as
we were at dinner, "Do I hear a baby
crying?" No little folks here, we
here, but, listening, we found 'twas
Baby Autumn. Were you at the sea-
shore when the christening took place?
What grand people were in attendance!
All the winds, from little breezes to the
mighty ones that sent us the "New-
port fog" and the dashing rain;
grand, rushing waves, roaring and
thundering on the beach, nodding their
plumed helmets, or, ever and anon,
surging with the winds the dirge for
the summer that died at this baby's
birth; King Sol, with gifts of golden
sunshine; Queen Luna, and her shining
train of attendants. The diamond (or
quartz) dust was thrown about in the
very abandon of luxury. The tables
were laden with most luscious fruits—
great purple plums, melons, apples
and pears, that, a few months ago, as
blossoms were crowning May. How
busy were the crickets who fiddled for
the trees and shrubs to dance! Did
you see the fairies that danced on the
water? Some one called them moon-
beams and ripples. How kind it was
of the birds who are so busily prepar-
ing to go southward to spend time in
chirping their part in the grand sym-
phony of the harvest-time. The fall
flowers came, too, some with treasures
of honey.

Yesterday we attended church in
town. The pastor of a neighboring
Baptist church preached a blessed, soul-
lifting sermon from the texts:
"Bear ye one another's burdens."
"Every man shall bear his own bur-
den."

From among many good
thoughts, we culled this as an especial
lesson: "It is love alone that fits us to
bear another's burden. Similar experi-
ences are not needful. Some people
say, 'I cannot bear my brother's bur-
den. He does not know how much
care and sorrow I have. Until he
passes through an experience like
mine, I cannot offer sympathy.' What
if our Saviour had waited to offer to
bear our burdens until we had suffered
as He suffered! Where, then, could
we find the Comforter—where lay
our burdens done?"

Renewed feelings of love for all came
into our hearts, and a deepening of
the desire to make others happier. The
acting pastor of this Church must need
a new baptism of love, for, as we came
home, we overheard one good man say
to another, "Well! the ministers do
not know us nowadays if we are across
the street." No comment upon these
words is needful.

Now the children are in school,
building foundations for future work
and wisdom. The thought has come
to us—"How pleasant it would be to
become a child once more, and enter
for the full term." Yet we are in a
larger school, studying to show our-
selves workmen that need not be
ashamed, looking for approval and re-
ward to our holy Teacher. We are
studying the map to find the narrow
way; the rhetoric that will help us to

lead men to Christ. The summer is in
the past, and it is time to reap a har-
vest of souls for God. Are we at
work? Have the warriors buckled on
the whole armor? Are the life-boats
in order, the sailors ready? Are the
lights along the coast trimmed and
burning? Lord help us all to be at
our posts of duty!

"Trim your lamp, my feeble brother,
Some poor sailor, tempest-tost,
Trying now to make the harbor,
In the darkness may be lost.
Let the lower lights be burning;
Send a gleam across the way;
Some poor, fainting, struggling seaman
You may rescue, you may save."

IF WE WOULD.

If we would but check the speaker,
When he soils a neighbor's fame,
If we would but help the erring
Ere we utter words of blame;
If we would, how many might we
Turn from paths of sin and shame!

Ah! the wrongs that might be righted,
If we would but see the way!
Ah! the pains that might be lightened
Every hour and every day,
If we would but hear the pleadings
Of the hearts that go astray.

Let us step outside the stronghold
Of our selfishness and pride;
Let us lift our fainting brothers,
Let us strengthen ere we chide;
Let us, ere we blame the fallen,
Hold a light to cheer and guide.

Ah, how blessed—ah, how blessed
Earth would be if we but try
Thus to aid and right the weaker,
Thus to check each brother's sigh;
Thus to walk in duty's pathway
To our better life on high.

In each life, however lowly,
There are seeds of mighty good;
Still we shrink from souls appealing
With a timid "If we could;"
But God, who judgeth all things,
Knows the truth is—"If we would."

THE VICTORY OF FAITH.

BY REV. CHARLES E. WALKER.

One afternoon of last summer, while
engaged in my pastoral work, I visited
one of God's deeply afflicted children.
It was an aged mother who had lived
for nearly fourscore years, about sixty
of which had been spent in the service
of God. For the past seven years she
had been confined to the house, and for
five years in a condition of total help-
lessness. Her hands and feet were
drawn out of shape so that she was un-
able in any way to wait upon herself.
Her ear had grown dull of hearing,
and her right hand had almost totally
failed. Every conscious moment was a
moment of suffering. Each sensitive
nerve seemed to be a highway for the
feet of pain to travel.

We talked of the trials and sufferings
of this life; how hard they were to
bear, but that we had the assurance of
divine sympathy, and the promise of
divine help. And then we spoke of the
joyous expectation of the better life;
that when we laid down these bodies,
and our spirits, blood-washed, went to
dwell in our Father's glorious presence,
it was an everlasting farewell to phys-
ical pain, to anguish of spirit, and the
bitterness of disappointed hopes; that
our future might be all the brighter,
and its joys the richer, by reason of
contrast with the shadows and the sor-
rows of our present experience. She
replied, and I shall remember it to life's
latest hour, "The Book says, 'all
things work together for good to them
that love God,' and I believe it."

I stood dumb in the presence of such
a faith—a faith that enabled her to bear
without a murmur her privations
and sufferings, and be calm and trust-
ful amid them all. And I could but
rejoice that such victory was possible
for earth's suffering children. I be-
lieve the great need of the Church is
faith in God. To believe, though we
cannot see nor comprehend. Though
science fails to teach how good is to
be evolved out of the ills of life, God's
Word assures us that in the divine ad-
ministration of affairs this result shall
be brought about. It is for us to accept,
without a murmur, the allotments of
Providence here, believing that when
the darkness of time gives place to the
clear light of eternal day, and we "see
face to face," we shall understand that
which we cannot now, and shall be
satisfied.

FOR THE YOUNGEST READERS.
FREDDIE IN HIS GARDEN.

BY MARY ABBEY.

I will now tell you more about
Freddie. When he was three years
old, a little spot of ground was given
him for a garden, and in it he worked
very busily with his little hoe and
rake. It can never be told how
many things were planted there, nor
how eagerly the little gardener
watched for the seeds to spring up.
Hannah—the good woman who had
taken care of him all his days—
gave him a few of each sort of the
flower-seeds that she had planted in
the pretty front yard; and, when he
saw his uncle planting corn, pota-
toes, and many other things, he
wanted some of these

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